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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

THE LEMMON CASE.

DECISION OF THE COURT OF APPEALS.

Jonathan Lemmon agt. The People ex rel. Louis Napoleon.

DENIO, J.—The petition upon which the writ of habeas corpus was issued states that the colored persons sought to be discharged from imprisonment were, on the preceding night, taken from the steamer City of Richmond, in the harbor of New York, and at the time of presenting the petition were confined in a certain house in Carlisle street in that city. The writ is directed to the appellant, by the name of *Lemmings*, as the person having in charge the "eight colored persons lately taken from the steamer City of Richmond, and to the man in whose house in Carlisle street they are confined."

The return is made by Lemmon, the appellant, and the colored persons of which it speaks, and which are therein alleged to be slaves, and the property of Juliet Lemmon, as "the eight slaves or persons named in the said writ of habeas corpus." It alleges that they were taken out of the possession of Mrs. Lemmon while *in transitu* between Norfolk, in Virginia, and the State of Texas, and that both Virginia and Texas are slaveholding States; that she had no intention of bringing the slaves into this State to remain therein, or in any manner except on their transit as aforesaid through the port of New York; that she was compelled by necessity to touch or land, but did not intend to remain longer than necessary, and that such landing was for the purpose of passage and transit, and not otherwise, and that she did not intend to sell the slaves. It is also stated that she was compelled by *necessity or accident* to take passage from Norfolk in the above-mentioned steamship, and that Texas was the ultimate place of destination.

I understand the effect of these statements to be that Mrs. Lemmon, being the owner of these slaves, desired to take them from her residence in Norfolk, in Virginia, to the State of Texas; and, as a means of effecting that purpose, she embarked, in the steamship mentioned, for New York, with a view to secure a passage from thence to the place of destination. As nothing is said of any stress of weather, and no marine casualty is mentioned, the necessity of landing, which is spoken of, refers no doubt to the exigency of that mode of prosecuting her journey.

If the ship in which she arrived was not bound for the Gulf of Mexico, she would probably be under the necessity of landing at New York to reëmbark in some other vessel sailing for that part of the United States; and this, I suppose, is what it was intended to state. The necessity or accident which is mentioned as having compelled her to embark at Norfolk in the City of Richmond is understood to refer to some circumstance which prevented her from making a direct voyage from Virginia to Texas. The question to be decided is whether the bringing the slaves into this State under these circumstances entitled them to their freedom.

The location and the effect of the statutes of this State bearing upon the point are very plain and unequivocal. By an act passed in 1817, it was declared that no person held as a slave should be imported, introduced or brought into this State on any pretence whatever, except in the cases afterward mentioned in the act, and any slave brought here contrary to the act was declared to be free. Among the exceptional cases was that of a person not an inhabitant of the State passing through it, who was allowed to bring his slaves with him; but they were not to remain in the State longer than nine months. (Laws 1817, ch. 147, secs. 9, 15) The portions of this act which concern the present question were reënacted at the revision of the laws in 1830. The first and last sections of the title are in the following language:

> "SEC. 1. No person held as a slave shall be imported, introduced or brought into this State on any pretence whatsoever, except in the cases hereinafter specified. Every such person shall be free. Every person held as a slave, who hath been introduced or brought in this State contrary to the laws in force at the time, shall be free."
>
> "SEC. 16. Every person born in this State, whether white or colored, is free. Every person who shall hereafter be born within this State shall be free; and every person brought into this State as a slave, except as authorized by this title, shall be free." (R. S. part 1, ch. 20, title 7).

The intermediate sections, three to seven inclusive, contain the exceptions. Section six is as follows: "Any person, not being an inhabitant of this State, who shall be travelling to or from, or passing through, this State, may bring with him any person lawfully held in slavery, and may take such person with him from this State; but the person so held in slavery shall not reside or continue in this State more than nine months; if such residence be continued beyond that time, such person shall be free." In the year 1841, the Legislature repealed this section, together with the four containing other exceptions to the general provisions above mentioned (ch. 247).

The effect of this repeal was to render the first and sixteenth sections absolute and unqualified. If any doubt of this could be entertained upon the perusal of the part of the title left unrepealed, the rules of construction would oblige us to look at the repealed portions in order to ascertain the sense of the residue (Bussey agt. Story, 4 Barn & Adolph, 98). Thus examined, the meaning of the statutes is as plain as though the Legislature had declared in terms that if any person should introduce a slave into this State, in the course of a journey to or from it, or in passing through it, the slave shall be free.

If, therefore, the Legislature had the constitutional power to enact this statute, the law of the State precisely meets the case of the persons who were brought before the Judge on the writ of *habeas corpus*, and his order discharging them from constraint was unquestionably correct. Every sovereign State has a right to determine by its laws the condition of all persons who may at any time be within its jurisdiction, to exclude therefrom those whose introduction would contravene its policy, or to declare the conditions upon which they may be received, and what subordination or restraint may lawfully be allowed by one class or description of persons over another.

Each State has, moreover, the right to enact such rules as it may see fit respecting the title to property, and to declare what subject shall, within the State, possess the attributes of property, and what shall be incapable of a proprietary right. These powers may, of course, be variously limited or modified by its own constitutional or fundamental laws; but, independently of such restraints, (some are alleged to exist affecting this case), the legislative authority of the State upon these subjects is without limit or control, except so far as the State has voluntarily abridged her jurisdiction by arrangements with other States. There are many cases where, it is true, the conditions impressed upon persons and property by the laws of other friendly States may and ought to be recognized within our own jurisdiction.

These are defined, in the absence of express legislation, by the general assent and by the practice and usage of civilized countries, and, being considered as incorporated into the municipal law, are freely administered by the Courts. They are not, however, thus allowed on account of any supposed power residing in another State to enact laws which should be binding on our tribunals, but from the presumed assent of the law-making power to abide by the usages of other civilized States. Hence it follows that where the Legislature of the State, in which a right or privilege is claimed on the ground of comity, has by its laws spoken upon the subject of the alleged right, the tribunals are not at liberty to search for the rule of decision among the doctrines of international comity, but are bound to adopt the directions laid down by the political government of their own State.

We have not, therefore, considered it necessary to inquire whether, by the law of nations, a country where negro slavery is established has generally a right to claim of a neighboring State, in which it is not allowed, the right to have that species of property recognized and protected in the course of a lawful journey taken by the owner through the last mentioned country, as would undoubtedly be the case with a subject recognized as property everywhere; and it is proper to say that the counsel for the appellant has not urged that principle in support of the claim of Mrs. Lemmon.

What has been said as to the right of a sovereign State to determine the *status* of persons within its jurisdiction applies to the States of this Union, except as it has been modified or restrained by the Constitution of the United States (Grover agt. Slaughter, 15 Pet. 449; Moore agt. The People of Illinois, 14 How. R.; City of New York agt. Milne, 11 Pet. 131, 139). There are undoubted reasons, independently of the provisions of the Federal Constitution in conciliatory legislation on the part of the several States toward the polity, institutions, and interests of each other, of a much more persuasive character than those which prevail between the most friendly States that are unconnected by any political union; but these are addressed exclusively to the political power of the respective States; so that whatever opinion we may entertain as to the reasonableness, or polity, or even of the moral obligation, of the non-slaveholding States to establish provisions similar to those which have been stricken out of the Revised Statutes, it is not in our power, while administering the laws of the State in one of its tribunals of justice, to act at all upon those sentiments, when we see, as we cannot fail to do, that the Legislature has deliberately rejected them.

The power which has been mentioned as residing in the States is assumed by the Constitution itself to extend to persons held as slaves by such of the States as allow the condition of slaves, and to apply also to a slave in the territory of another State which did not allow slavery, unaccompanied with an intention on the part of the owner to hold him in a state of slavery in such other State. The provision respecting the return of fugitives from service contains a very strong implication to that effect. It declares that no person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, &c. There was at least one State which at the adoption of the Constitution did not tolerate slavery; and in several of the other States the number of slaves was so small, and the prevailing sentiment in favor of emancipation so strong, that it was morally certain that slavery would be speedily abolished. It was assumed by the authors of the Constitution that the fact of a federative Union would not of itself create a duty on the part of the States which should abolish slavery to respect the rights of the owners of slaves escaping thence from the States where it continued to exist.

The apprehension was not that the States would establish rules or regulations looking primarily to the emancipation of the fugitives from labor, but that the abolition of slavery in any State would draw after it the principle that a person held in slavery would immediately become free on arriving, in any manner, within the limits of such State. That principle had then recently been acted upon in England in a case of great notoriety, which could not fail to be well known to the cultivated and intelligent men who were the principal actors in framing the Federal Constitution.

A Virginia gentleman of the name of Stewart had occasion to make a voyage from his home in that colony to England on his own affairs, with the intention of returning as soon as they were transacted; and he took with him as his personal servant his negro slave, Somerset, whom he had purchased in Virginia, and was entitled to hold him in a state of slavery by the laws prevailing there. While they were in London, the negro absconded from the service of his master, but was retaken and put on board a vessel lying in the Thames bound to Jamaica, where slavery also prevailed, for the purpose of being there sold as a slave.

On application to Lord Mansfield, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, a writ of habeas corpus was issued to Knowles as master of the vessel, whose return to the writ disclosed the foregoing facts. Lord Mansfield referred the case to the decision of the Court of King's Bench, where it was held, by the unanimous opinion of the Judges, that the restraint was illegal, and the negro was discharged (the Negro case, 11 Hargrave's State Trials, 340; Somerset agt. Stewart, Lofft's Rep. 1). It was the opinion of the Court that a state of slavery could not exist by force of positive law, and, it being considered that there was no law to uphold it in England, the principles of the law respecting the writ of habeas corpus immediately applied themselves to the case, and it became impossible to continue the imprisonment of the negro.

The case was decided in 1772, and from that time it became a maxim that slaves could not exist in England. The idea was reiterated in the popular literature of the language, and fixed in the public mind by a striking metaphor which attributed to the atmosphere of the British Islands a quality which caused the shackles of a slave to fall off. The laws of England respecting personal rights were in general the laws of the Colonies, and they continued the same system after the Revolution, by provisions in their Constitutions, adopting the common law, subject to alterations by their own statutes. The literature of the Colonies was that of the mother country.

The aspect in which the case of fugitive slaves was presented to the authors of the Constitution, therefore, was this: A number of the States had very little interest in continuing the institution of slavery, and were likely soon to abolish it within their limits. When they should do so, the principle of the laws of England as to personal rights and the remedies for illegal imprisonment would immediately prevail in such States. The judgment in Somerset's case, and other principles announced by Lord Mansfield, were standing admonitions that even a temporary restraint of personal liberty, by virtue of a title derived under the laws of slavery, could not be sustained where that institution did not exist by positive law, and where the remedy by habeas corpus, which was a cherished institution of this country as well as in England, was established.

Reading the provision for the rendition of fugitive slaves in the light which these considerations offered, it is impossible not to perceive that the Convention assumed the general principle to be that the escape of a slave from a State in which he was lawfully held to service into one which had abolished slavery would *ipso facto* transform him into a free man. This was recognized as the legal *consequence* of a slave going into a State where slavery did not exist, even though it were without the consent and against the will of the owner. *A fortiori* he would be free if the master voluntarily brought him into a free State for any purpose of his own. But the provision in the Constitution extended no further than the case of the fugitive.

As to some cases, the admitted general consequence of the presence of a slave in a free State was not to prevail, but he was, by an express provision in the Federal compact, to be returned to the party to whom the service was due. Other cases were left to be governed by the general laws applicable to them. This was not unreasonable, as the owner was free to determine whether he would voluntarily permit his slave to go within a jurisdiction which did not allow him to be held in bondage. That was within his own power, but he could not always prevent his slaves from escaping out of the State, in which their servile condition was recognized. The provision was precisely suited to the exigency of the case, and it went no further.

In examining other arrangements of the Constitution, apparently inserted for purposes having no reference to slavery, we ought to bear in mind that when framing the fugitive slave provision the Convention was contemplating the future existence of States which should have abolished slavery, in a political union with other States where the institution would still remain in force. It would naturally be supposed that if there were other cases in which the rights of slave-owners ought to be protected in the States which should abolish slavery, they would be adjusted in connection with the provision looking specially to that case, intended primarily for cases to which slaves had no necessary relation. It has been decided that the fugitive clause does not extend beyond the case of the actual escape of a slave from one State to another (Ex parte Simmons, 4 Wash. C. C. R., 396). But the provision is plainly so limited by its own language.

The Constitution declares that the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States (Art. 4, sec. 2). No provision in that instrument has so strongly tended to constitute the citizens of the United States *one people* as this. Its influence in that direction cannot be fully estimated without a consideration of what would have been the condition of the people if it or some similar provision had not been inserted. Prior to the adoption of the articles of confederation, the British colonies on this continent had no political connection, except that they were severally dependencies on the British Crown. Their relation to each other was the same which they respectively bore to the other English colonies, whether in Europe or Asia.

When, in consequence of the Revolution, they severally became independent and sovereign States, the citizens of each State would have been under all the disabilities of alienage in every other, but for a provision in the compact into which they entered, whereby that consequence was avoided. The articles adopted during the Revolution formed a friendly league for mutual protection against external force, but in framing them it was felt to be necessary to secure a community of intercourse which would not necessarily obtain even among closely allied States. This was effected by the fourth article of that instrument, which declared that the free inhabitants of each of the States (paupers, vagabonds, and fugitives from justice excepted) should be entitled to all privileges and immunities of free citizens in the several States, and that the people of each State should have free ingress and regress to and from any other State, and should enjoy therein all the privileges of trade and commerce, subject to the same duties, impositions and restrictions as the inhabitants thereof, respectively.

The Constitution organized a still more intimate Union, constituting the States, for all external purposes and for certain enumerated domestic objects, a single nation; but still the principle of State sovereignty was retained as to all subjects, except such as were embraced in the delegations of power to the general government or prohibited to the States. The social *status* of the people, and their natural and relative rights as respects each other, the definitions and arrangements of property, were among the reserved powers of the States. The provision conferring rights of citizenship upon the citizens of every State in every other State was inserted substantially as it stood in the articles of confederation.

The question now to be considered is, how far the State jurisdiction over the subjects just mentioned is restricted by the provision we are considering, or, to come at once to the precise point in controversy, whether it obliges the State governments to recognize, in any way, within their own jurisdiction, the property in slaves, which the citizens of States in which slavery prevails may lawfully claim within their own States, beyond the case of fugitive slaves. The language is that they shall have the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States. In my opinion, the meaning is that, in a given State, every citizen of every other State shall have the same privileges and immunities, that is, the same rights, which the citizens of that State possess.

In the first place, they are not to be subjected to any of the disabilities of alienage. They can hold property by the same titles by which every other citizen may hold it, and by no other. Again, any discriminating legislation which should place them in a worse situation than a proper citizen of the particular State would be unlawful. But the clause has nothing to do with the distinctions founded on domicile. A citizen of Virginia, having his home in that State, and never having been within the State of New York, has the same rights under our laws which a native-born citizen, domiciled elsewhere, would have, and no other. Either can be the proprietor of property here, but neither could claim any rights which, under our laws, belong only to residents of the State.

But where the laws of the several States differ, a citizen of one State, asserting rights in another, must claim them according to the laws of the last mentioned State, not according to those which obtain in his own. The position that a citizen carrying with him, into every State into which he may go, the legal institutions of the one in which he was born, cannot be supported. A very little reflection will show the fallacy of the idea. Our laws declare contracts depending upon games of chance or skill, lotteries, imaginary policies of insurance, bargains for more than seven per cent. per annum of interest, and many others, void. In other States such contracts, or some of them, may be lawful.

But no one would contend that if made within this State by a citizen of another State they would be enforced in our Courts. Certain of them, if made in another State, in conformity with the laws there, would be executed by our tribunals upon the principles of comity; and the case would be the same if they were made in Europe or any other foreign country. The clause has nothing to do with the doctrine of international comity. That doctrine, as has been remarked, depends upon the usage of civilized nations and the presumed assent of the legislative authority of the particular State in which the right is claimed; and an express denial of the right by that authority is decisive against the claim. How, then, is the case of the appellant aided by the provision under consideration?

The Legislature has declared, in effect, that no person shall bring a slave into this State, even in the course of a journey between two slaveholding States, and if he does the slave shall be free. Our own citizens are of course bound by this regulation. If the owner of these slaves is not in like manner bound, it is because, in her quality of citizen of another State, she has rights superior to those of any citizen of New York, and because, in coming here, or sending her slaves here for a temporary purpose, she has brought with her or sent with them the laws of Virginia, and is entitled to have those laws enforced in the Courts, notwithstanding the mandate of our own laws to the contrary. But the position of the appellant proves too much.

The privileges and immunities secured to the citizens of each State by the Constitution are not limited to time, or by the purpose for which in a particular case they may be desired, but are permanent and absolute in their character. Hence, if the appellant [illegible] the operation of the statute on which the respondent relies, on the ground that she is a citizen of a State where slavery is allowed, and that our courts are obliged to respect the title which those laws confer, she may retain the slaves here during her pleasure; and as one of the chief attributes of property is the power to use it, or to sell or dispose of it, I do not see how she could be debarred of these rights within our jurisdiction as long as she may choose to exercise them.

She could not, perhaps, sell them to a citizen of New York, who would at all events be bound by our laws, but any other citizen of a slave State, who would equally bring with him the immunities and privileges of his own State, might lawfully traffic in her slave property. But my opinion is that she has no more right to the protection of this property than one of the citizens of this State would have upon bringing them here, under the same circumstances, and that the clause of the Constitution referred to has no application to the case. I concede that this clause gives to citizens of each State entire freedom of intercourse with every other State, and that any law which should attempt to deny them free ingress or regress would be void. But it is citizens only who possess these rights, and slaves certainly are not citizens.

Even free negroes, as is well known, have been adjudged not to possess that quality. In Moore agt. The State of Illinois, already referred to, the Supreme Court of the United States, in its published opinion, declared that the States retained the power to forbid the introduction into their territory of paupers, criminals or fugitive slaves. The case was a conviction under a statute of Illinois, making it penal to harbor or secrete any negro, mulatto or person of color being a slave or servant owing service or labor to any other person. The indictment was for secreting a fugitive slave who had fled from his owner in Missouri.

The owner had not intervened to reclaim him so as to bring the fugitive law into operation, and the case was placed by the Court on the ground that it was within the legitimate power of State legislation, in the promotion of its policy, to exclude an unacceptable population. I do not at all doubt the right to exclude a slave, as I do not consider him embraced under the provision securing a common citizenship; but it does not seem to me clear that one who is truly a citizen of another State can be thus excluded, though he may be a pauper or a criminal, unless he be a fugitive from justice. The fourth article of the Confederation contains an exception to the provision for a common citizenship, excluding from its benefits paupers and vagabonds as well as fugitives from justice; but this exception was omitted in the corresponding provision of the Constitution.

If a slave attempting to come into a State of his own accord can be excluded on the ground mentioned, namely, because as a slave he is an unacceptable inhabitant, and it is very clear he may be, it would seem to follow that he might be expelled if accompanied by his master. It might, it is true, be less mischievous to permit the residence of such a person when under the restraint of his owner; but of this the Legislature must judge. But it is not the right of the slave, but of the master, which is supposed to be protected under the clause respecting citizenship. The answer to the claim in that aspect has been already given. It is that the owner cannot lawfully do anything which our laws do not permit to be done by one of our own citizens; and as a citizen of this State cannot bring a slave within its limits except under the condition that he shall immediately become free, the owner of these slaves could not do it without involving himself in the same consequence.

It remains to consider the effect upon this case of the provisions by which the power is given to Congress to regulate commerce among the several States (Art. 1, § 8, ¶ 3). If the slaves had been passing through the navigable waters of this State in a vessel having a coasting license granted under the act of Congress regulating the coasting trade, in the course of a voyage between two slave States, and in that situation it had been interrupted by the operation of the writ of *habeas corpus*, I am not prepared to say that they could have been discharged under the provisions of the statute. So if in the course of such a voyage, they had been landed on the territory of the State in consequence of a marine accident or stress of weather.

In either case they would, in strictness of language, have been introduced and brought into the State. In the latter case, their being here being involuntary, they would not have been *brought here* in the meaning of the statute (see the case of the brig Enterprise, in the decisions of the Commission of Claims, under the Convention of 1853, p. 187). But the case does not present either of these features. Its actual circumstances are these: Mrs. Lemmon, being the owner of three slaves at her residence in Norfolk, in Virginia, chose to take them to the State of Texas for a purpose not disclosed, further than that it was not in order to sell them.

Geographically, New York is not on the route of such a voyage, but we can readily see that it would be convenient to bring them to that city, from which vessels sail to most of the ports of the Union, to be embarked from thence in a ship bound to a port in the extreme Southern part of the Union. This was what was actually done. She came with the negroes to New York by sea, in order to embark thence to Texas; and when the writ of habeas corpus was served, they were staying at a house in the city, ready to set out when a vessel should sail, and not intending to remain longer than should be necessary.

The act under consideration is not in any just sense a regulation of commerce. It does not suggest to me the idea that it has any connection with that subject. It would have an extensive operation altogether independent of commerce. It is not, therefore, within the scope of the decision of the Supreme Court in the passenger cases (7 Howard, 283). In these cases the States of New York and Massachusetts had imposed taxes upon passengers arriving by sea at the ports of those States. The Court, considering the carrying of passengers coming here from foreign countries as being transported by sea, between ports in different States, to be an operation of foreign and inter-State commerce, and holding, moreover, that the power to regulate commerce was *exclusively* vested in Congress, declared these acts to be a violation of the Constitution of the United States.

It may be considered as settled by those judgments that an act of State legislation acting directly upon the subject of foreign or inter-State commerce, and being in substance a regulation of that subject, would be unwarranted, whether its provisions were hostile to any particular act of Congress or not. But there is a class of cases which may incidentally affect the subject of commerce, but in respect to which the States are held fast until the ground has been covered by an act of Congress. State legislation on these subjects is not hostile to the power residing in Congress to regulate commerce; but if Congress, in the execution of that power, shall have enacted special regulations touching the particular subject, such regulations then become exclusive of all interference on the part of the States. This is shown by the case of Wilson agt. The Black Canal Co. (2 Peters, 250). The State of Delaware had authorized a corporation to erect a dam across a creek below tide-water, in order to drain a marsh. The validity of the act was drawn in question on the ground that it was in conflict with the power of Congress to regulate commerce. The object of the improvement authorized by the State law was to improve the health of the neighborhood. In giving the opinion of the Court, Chief-Justice Marshall observed that "means to produce these objects (that is health and the like), provided they do not come in collision with the powers of the General Government, are undoubtedly within those which are reserved to the States. But the measure authorized by this act stops a navigable creek, and must be supposed to abridge the rights of those who have been accustomed to use it. But this abridgement, unless it comes in conflict with the Constitution or a law of the United States, is an affair between the Government of Delaware and its citizens with which this Court can take no cognizance." "If Congress has passed any act which bore upon the case—any act in execution of the powers of commerce, the object of which was to control State legislation over those navigable creeks over which the tide [illegible] saying that a State law being in conflict with such act would be void. But Congress has passed no such act. The repugnancy of the law of Delaware with the Constitution is placed entirely on its repugnancy with the power to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States—a power which has not been exercised so as to affect the question." The same principle had been affirmed in Sturges agt. Crowninshield (4 Wheat. 193) and in Moore agt. Houston (5 Wheat. 1); and since the Passenger cases, it has been again reiterated in the Pilot case, Cooley agt. The Board of Wardens of Philadelphia (12 How. 299). The application of the rule to the present case is plain. We will concede, for the purpose of the argument, that the transportation of slaves from one slaveholding State to another is an act of international State commerce, which may be legally protected and regulated by Federal legislation. Acts have been passed to regulate the coasting trade, so that if these slaves had been in transitu between Virginia and Texas, in a coasting vessel, at the time the habeas corpus was served, they could not have been interfered with while passing through the navigable waters of a free State by the authority of a law of such State. But they were not thus in transitu at that time.

Congress have not passed any act to regulate commerce [illegible] carried on by land, or otherwise than in coasting vessels. But conceding that, in order to facilitate commerce among the States, Congress has power to provide for precisely such a case as the present—the case of persons, whose transportation is the subject of commercial intercourse, being carried by a coasting vessel to a convenient port in another State, with a view of being there landed, for the purpose of being again embarked on a fresh coasting voyage to a third port, which was to be their final destination.

The unexercised power to enact such a law, to regulate such a transit, would not affect the power of the States to deal with the *status* of all persons within their territory in the meantime, and before the existence of such a law. It would be a law to regulate commerce carried on partly by land and partly by water—a subject upon which Congress has not thought proper to act at all. Should it do so hereafter, it might limit and curtail the authority of the States to execute such an act as the present in a case in which it should interfere with such paramount legislation of Congress. I repeat the remark that the law of the State under consideration has no aspect which refers directly to commerce among the States. It would have a large and important operation upon cases falling within its provisions, and having no connection with any commercial enterprise. It is, then, so far as the commercial clause is concerned, generally valid; but in the case of supposable Federal legislation, under the power conferred upon Congress to regulate commerce, circumstances might arise when its execution, by freeing a slave cargo landed on our shores, in the course of an inter-State voyage, would interfere with the provisions of an act of Congress.

The present state of Federal legislation, however, does not, in my opinion, raise any conflict between it and the laws of this State under consideration. Upon the whole case, I have come to the conclusion that there is nothing in the National Constitution or the laws of Congress to preclude the State judicial authorities from declaring these slaves, thus introduced into the territory of this State, free, and setting them at liberty, according to the directions of the statutes referred to.

For the foregoing reasons, I am in favor of affirming the judgment of the Supreme Court.

LETTER TO REV. J. W. LOGUEN FROM HIS OLD MISTRESS.

From The Syracuse (N. Y.) Standard.

THE following letter was received, a day or two since, by Rev. Mr. Loguen, of this city, from his old mistress "way down in Tennessee." The old lady is evidently "hard up," financially, and attempts to frighten her former servant into the payment of $1,000 as "hush money." We imagine she sent to the wrong man, as Mr. Loguen needs no "bill of sale" to secure himself from capture in this section of the State. Besides his own stalwart arm, he has hosts of friends who would make this region too hot to hold the man-hunters who would venture on such an errand as the old lady hints at in her somewhat singular epistle. Her lamentations about the old mare are decidedly funny (we may add womanly), and all the misfortunes of the family are traced directly to the escape of "Jarm." But here is her letter:

MAURY COUNTY, State of Tennessee,
Feb. 20, 1860.

TO JARM: I now take my pen to write you a few lines, to let you know how we all are. I am a cripple, but I am still able to get about. The rest of the family are all well. Cherry is as well as common. I write you these lines to let you know the situation we are in—partly in consequence of your running away and stealing Old Rock, our fine mare. Though we got the mare back, she never was worth much after you took her; and, as I now stand in need of some funds, I have determined to sell you; and I had an offer for you, but did not see fit to take it. If you will send me one thousand dollars, and pay for the old mare, I will give up all claim I have to you. Write to me as soon as you get these lines, and let me know if you will accept my proposition. In consequence of your running away, we had to sell Abe and Ann and twelve acres of land; and I want you to send me the money, that I may be able to redeem the land that you was the cause of our selling, and on receipt of the above-named sum of money, I will send you your bill of sale. If you do not comply with my request, I will sell you to some one else, and you may rest assured that the time is not far distant when things will be changed with you. Write to me as soon as you get these lines. Direct your letter to Bigbyville, Maury County, Tennessee. You had better comply with my request.

I understand that you are a preacher. As the Southern people are so bad, you had better come and preach to your old acquaintances. I would like to know if you read your Bible. If so, can you tell what will become of the thief if he does not repent? and, if the blind lead the blind, what will the consequence be? I deem it unnecessary to say much more at present. A word to the wise is sufficient. You know where the liar has his part. You know that we reared you as we reared our own children; that you was never abused, and that shortly before you ran away, when your master asked you if you would like to be sold, you said you would not leave him to go with anybody.

SARAH LOGUE.

MR. LOGUEN'S REPLY.

SYRACUSE (N. Y.), March 28, 1860.

MRS. SARAH LOGUE: Yours of the 20th of February is duly received, and I thank you for it. It is a long time since I heard from my poor old mother, and I am glad to know that she is yet alive, and, as you say, "as well as common." What that means, I don't know. I wish you had said more about her.

You are a woman; but, had you a woman's heart, you never could have insulted a brother by telling him you sold his only remaining brother and sister, because he put himself beyond your power to convert him into money.

You sold my brother and sister, Abe and Ann, and twelve acres of land, you say, because I ran away. Now, you have the unutterable meanness to ask me to return and be your miserable chattel, or, in lieu thereof, send you $1,000 to enable you to redeem the *land*, but not to redeem my poor brother and sister! If I were to send you money, it would be to get my brother and sister, and not that you should get land. You say you are a *cripple*, and doubtless you say it to stir my pity, for you knew I was susceptible in that direction. I do pity you from the bottom of my heart. Nevertheless, I am indignant, beyond the power of words to express, that you should be so sunken and cruel as to tear the hearts I loved so much all in pieces; that you should be willing to impale and crucify us all, out of compassion for your poor *foot* or *leg*. Wretched woman! Be it known to you that I value my freedom, to say nothing of my mother, brothers and sisters, more than your whole body; more, indeed, than my own life; more than all the lives of all the slaveholders and tyrants under heaven.

You say you have offers to buy me, and that you shall sell me if I do not send you $1,000, and in the same breath and almost in the same sentence you say, "You know we raised you as we did our own children." Woman, did you raise your *own children* for the market? Did you raise them for the whipping-post? Did you raise them to be driven off, bound to a coffle in chains? Where are my poor bleeding brothers and sisters? Can you tell? Who was it that sent them off into sugar and cotton fields, to be kicked and cuffed, and whipped, and to groan and die; and where no kin can hear their groans, or attend and sympathize at their dying bed, or follow to their funeral? Wretched woman! Do you say *you* did not do it? Then, I reply, your husband did, and you approved the deed—and the very letter you sent me shows that your heart approves it all. Shame on you!

But, by the way, where is your husband? You don't speak of him. I infer, therefore, that he is dead; that he has gone to his great account, with all his sins against my poor family upon his head. Poor man! Gone to meet the spirits of my poor, outraged and murdered people, in a world where Liberty and Justice are *masters*.

But you say I am a thief, because I took the old mare along with me. Have you got to learn that I had a [illegible] nasseth Logue had to me? Is it a greater sin for me to steal his horse than it was for him to rob my mother's cradle, and steal me? If he and you infer that I forfeit all my rights to you, shall not I infer that you forfeit all your rights to me? Have you got to learn that human rights are mutual and reciprocal, and if you take my liberty and life, you forfeit your own liberty and life? Before God and high heaven, is there a law for one man which is not a law for every other man?

If you or any other speculator on my body and rights wish to know how I regard my rights, they need but come here, and lay their hands on me to enslave me. Did you think to terrify me by presenting the alternative to give my money to you or give my body to slavery? Then let me say to you, that I meet the proposition with unutterable scorn and contempt. The proposition is an outrage and an insult. I will not budge one hair's-breadth. I will not breathe a shorter breath, even to save me from your persecutions. I stand among a free people, who, thank God, sympathize with my rights, and the rights of mankind; and if your emissaries and venders come here to re-enslave me, and escape the unshrinking vigor of my own right arm, I trust my strong and brave friends, in this city and State, will be my rescuers and avengers.

Yours, &c. J. W. LOGUEN.

A WORD FROM WASHINGTON JAIL.

CARD FROM THADDEUS HYATT.

To the Friends of Constitutional Liberty of all Parties.

FRIENDS: This night closes the *fifth* week of my incarceration "in the common jail" at Washington. I have thus far refrained from uttering any complaint, or from entering into any defence of my motives, or into any explanation of the reasons that have governed my actions. I do not propose to do so now. But in answer to the following question which has been put to me, viz., "Why did you not test this matter before a State court?" I reply by pointing to the attempted kidnapping of Sanborn at Concord. While I was at Boston, my counsel, Hon. S. E. Sewall, called on this same Freeman (Marshal), who was subsequently engaged in the Concord outrage, and desired some assurance from him that I should have an opportunity of testing the matter before the State court, in case he should be ordered to serve a precept on me. But Freeman would give no such assurance; so I found myself liable to be seized at any moment on the departure of the cars South, and hurried to Washington. In this condition of things, word came that the Senate had, by resolution, ordered me to its bar. Before leaving Washington, I had reason to suppose that this *privilege*, as I then regarded it, would not be accorded me. But on its being ordered, my counsel, Messrs. Sewall and Andrew, with the concurrence and earnest recommendation of the venerable Judge Fletcher, formerly of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, advised me to obey the summons, proceed to Washington, and appear before the United States Senate; they and I supposing that this august body had *inadvertently* fallen into error, and that a respectful argument would be cheerfully listened to by them. I followed my counsel's advice; but on getting to the bar of the Senate, I there encountered an effort to entirely prevent the argument from being heard; and when, mainly through the exertions of those noble and true men, Charles Sumner and John P. Hale, this outrage was prevented, another equally as abominable and much more *sneaking* was committed. The men who were to pass judgment, and who have actually sentenced me to this "human sty" *for life*, LEFT THE SENATE! staid away until after my defence was read, and then came in and passed sentence upon me! and the partisan papers of the country, to a large extent, have gloated over this exhibition of irresponsible power!!

Suppose that, instead of this sentence being upon one man, it were upon a hundred or a thousand, and it might as well be, and suppose that, instead of taking away my *liberty*, they had taken away my *life*—and the Senate have the same power over one as the other—what then? Suppose the Senate had brought to the block two hundred citizens for alleged contempt of their authority! The *principle* would have been precisely the same. Is the country prepared for this?

The following letters, which are a few of many received, are my best vindication:

JAY HOMESTEAD, Katonah, N. Y.,
April 12, 1860.

THADDEUS HYATT, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* I received this evening your note of the 10th April, and cheerfully accede to your request that I will act as one of the Committee to decide the question of the best legal essay for which you have offered a prize, in connection with either Messrs. Andrew and Sewall of Boston, or Messrs. Evarts and Barney of New York. I gladly take this opportunity of expressing the warm interest my family and myself have taken in your manly and disinterested resistance to what seems to me a very dangerous assumption of power on the part of the Senate. We have begun to learn, at home what we might have been taught by the history of other nations, how easy it is, in the name of Democracy, to drift into Despotism. I think the importance of the principle involved in your case can hardly be overestimated. Your imprisonment for the maintenance of your right as a citizen will compel the attention of the people to the question of their common law liberties and their constitutional guarantees. And, in common with thousands of your countrymen, I beg you to accept my thanks. I am, sir,

Very respectfully and truly yours, JOHN JAY.

NEW YORK, April 12, 1860.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of 10th inst. reached me this morning. I appreciate the importance of the subject to which you have invited a public competition, and which will receive, I doubt not, a thorough and able discussion under such auspices. I regret to think that my professional engagements will not permit me to undertake this service. The other gentlemen you have named are entirely competent, and, I think, you will have no difficulty in adding to their number if desirable. Thanking you for your request, and begging you to receive my sympathy in the persecution from which you now suffer, and my best wishes for a prosperous issue to the contest in which you are engaged,

I am very truly, your obedient servant,
WM. M. EVARTS.

THADDEUS HYATT, Esq.

WEST MEDFORD, Mass., March 19, 1860.

THADDEUS HYATT, Esq.—*Sir:* I am personally a stranger to you, which is to me a matter of regret, for, when speaking of you, I should regard it as an honor to be able to say, "He is an acquaintance," or, "He is a friend of mine." But the man, his spirit, all that makes the man, I see—and, may I say, admire. My dear sir, I thank you; I congratulate you; I envy you. Would God I were able to be, and had the good fortune to be, in your stead, in Washington jail, for the same cause for which you are there! Well, such opportunities do not come to every man, nor to any man more than once or twice in an age. John Bunyan, John Hampden, and other worthies, friends of religious liberty, and martyrs in the cause thereof, will hereafter see the name of Thaddeus Hyatt associated with theirs by the muse of history, while she is entering upon her everlasting tablets the names of those to whom the world is indebted for whatever is left of it to freedom from the clutch of tyrants, whether the tyrants have sat on thrones or in Senate halls. I say, my dear sir, I envy you your good fortune. If you will believe me, I did for a moment entertain the thought of addressing to the Chairman of the Senate's Inquisitorial Committee an anonymous letter, telling him that if he would summon an old and elderly preacher of Abolitionism in West Medford, near Boston, by the name of John Pierpont, who was known to have been in Kansas about the time that Dr. Howe was there, it was possible that something might be got out of the old man more than most people supposed was in him. But considering that such a step might induce more expense than I was able to bear, and considering, moreover, that I disapproved of anonymous letters, and that I have never attained the grace of doing evil, even practising deception that good may come of it, I soon dismissed the thought, though I did hope that some one would have the spirit who could afford the means to resist the tyranny before which so many good men were bending, either because they did not know their rights, or, knowing, did not dare maintain them. And now being informed that you have the *pluck* to fight the battle, while I envy you the crown of this martyrdom, I cheerfully concede it to you, only saying, "Felix opportunitate!" The world, whose eyes are upon you, will know you, and the time is coming, and even now is near at hand, when the Senate of the United States (not a judicial, not a legislative, but only a fractional part of a legislative body), if up to the feeling of "genuine shame," it will be profoundly ashamed of itself, and wish, but wish "too late," to take your place as a refuge from the storm of public indignation and contempt. So, my good sir, "never say die," but continue to command, and in your prison walls to know, that you enjoy the reverence which is the voluntary tribute that the world pays to moral heroism.

Very cordially yours, JNO. PIERPONT.

For publishing the above letter, laudatory as it is, I make no apology in face of the very ungenerous and untruthful one of a Washington letter writer, published in *The N. Y. Tribune* of the 16th March, without editorial "note or comment." I had supposed myself entitled to different treatment in *The Tribune*, though I did not look for it in *The N. Y. Times or N. Y.* [illegible] April 4:

"MY DEAR FRIEND HYATT: I rejoice in your firmness, and, in behalf of multitudes of freemen insulted in your person, I thank you for the integrity and nobleness with which you have thrown yourself into the breach against the despotism of the United States Senate.

Ever most truly and respectfully yours,
"GEO. B. CHEEVER."

Wendell Phillips, under date of April 3, says:

"I have watched your course, and the debate you provoked in the Senate. I blush for ——, but —— strikes me baser. For yourself we feel you have done your whole duty, and been equal to the crisis. Take my heartiest thanks * * *, though I would do nothing to mar your position or weaken your testimony, and applaud your pluck; still, as the press will not make for you that attention your attitude deserves (shame on the ——), is it not allowable to consider whether an appeal on habeas would not afford you a fair chance of saying honorably to the nation, when that appeal fails, as it will, 'There, fellow-citizens, I have exhausted all the means you offer me of constitutional resistance; my duty as a citizen is done; and since my incarceration wakens no such feeling as it should, I shall, in my best judgment, try other methods to rouse the public—not die here in vain.' I recognize the value of your suggestion that you wish to avoid too early an appeal to the judiciary, lest you get a precedent against Freedom. That's good sense in Massachusetts or New York, where some hope of speedy change in public opinion, which is the breath of the bench, exists. But with my slight hope of any such change in the Federal Government, I should not let such a consideration weigh with me. Give what weight you can to my suggestions, and believe whatever you conclude to do you shall have my constant and hearty and most devoted aid to wake the people to a proper appreciation of your service to liberty.

"Good bye for a little,
"And believe me faithfully yours,
"WENDELL PHILLIPS."

The above are sufficient to show that the great and the good are with me, though the politicians are not. I add but one more letter of sympathy, as it is short and to the point:

DIXON, Lee Co., Ill., April 1, 1860.

THAD. HYATT—*Dear Sir:* Permit me, an entire stranger, to address you a few lines expressive of sympathy for you in the circumstances of your incarceration. There are circumstances which connect a gibbet with glory and deprive a jail of its gloom. Thank God, there are men who can defy them both for the sake of humanity and right. The principle you represent is a correct one, and in vindicating it you command the admiration and respect of every lover of liberty and law. If "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," *you are on the right track*, and, for a consolation, remember the glorious but much-abused motto of the Old Dominion, "*Sic semper tyrannis.*" I have faith in that motto, because I have faith in God. The sympathies of the wise and good are with you.

Yours, for the truth and right,
ALEX. M. GOW.

From the above it may be seen that God's compensations are sufficient for all the crises of life. In answer to those of my friends who desire to know what is to be the issue of this matter, I can only say that at present this is not within the "counsels of" *my* "will."

THADDEUS HYATT.

Washington Jail, 16th April, 1860.

HORNBY FOR THE UNION.

WE are rejoiced to learn through the correspondence of the *Portland Transcript* that the people of the metropolis of Hornby, having learned that "this ere blessed old country of ourn is on the verge an' pint of eternal smash," have came to the rescue, "an' put the critter on its legs agin."

"The meeting differed but little in the general style of its getting up from such assemblages elsewhere and particularly the one which saved us. The concluding speech was delivered by Peletiah Pettibone.

"Over the sky-blew sirrulian vastness of the everlastin hill tops"—says Peletiah, says he, "up from the peelin ambiguities, the unspeakable kerruscations an oscillated permeations of the howlin wilderness, borne on all the breezes that sweeps the eternal circumambeent, shrimbent, shrieked by every eagle, as he rises from his ery and sores into boundless contiguity, I hear but one cry—Union!—union agin everything—now, hereafter, henceforth, and forever more! Amen!"

Perhaps there want no stompin when Peletiah sot down. Of course there want.

The committee on resolutions then kom in and reported the folerin wich was adopted *syne dye*.

1. Resolved, The day we celebrate, may its shadders never be less.

2. That things has com to a pooty pass, an' oughtent so to be, so they oughtent.

3. That all aberlitioners is reserectionists, and that hangin the hull lot would promote the interests of trade, and sarve to make aour free institutions a terror to the world.

4. That Gov. Wise in hangin old Seward and Garrison, is entitled to the glorious sympathy of all who keep step with the Union. And ef he wants the Hornby Falanks, the selickmen be authorized to send that corps on, if they will go.

5. That we recognize in aour Southern Bretherin the Frew Shiverly, Papitriots and Patriarks. That theyr allers right, and that we of the North is prone to wrong as the sparks is to go up chimbly. That slavery was sot up to the covenant with Abram when he was caul in the bullrushes, and is therefore a sacred institution. Long may it wave!

6. Ef aour Southeren Bretherin don't think the foregoin enough, and will write aout sich a one as they wants, we'll pass it. As we are willing to be umble and meaner than Pucknville dirt, ef thereby we can save the Union, and trade in horn spoons.

7. That the Falanks remain under arms till farther orders, with paour to arrest all niggers, pedlers, book agents and aberlitionists faound roamin at large agin the statoote, and that the taown be considered under marshall law for the present.

Who would not give
Some portion of his ease, his blood, his wealth,
For others' good, is a poor frozen churl.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

ANNIVERSARY PROGRAMME.

MEETINGS OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Tuesday Morning, May 8th, 10 o'clock [in the Cooper Institute]—The President, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, in the chair. Speakers—WM. LLOYD GARRISON; Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.; ROBERT PURVIS, Esq. of Byberry, Pa.; Mrs. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, of Seneca Falls, N. Y.; WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq.

Tuesday Afternoon, 3 o'clock.—Meeting of the Society for business, not for public addresses, in the Committee Room, rear of the platform, in the Cooper Institute.

Tuesday Evening, 7½ o'clock [in the Cooper Institute]—Addresses by Rev. BERIAH GREEN, of Whitesboro, N. Y.; Rev. ARTHUR B. BRADFORD, of Newcastle, Pa.; Rev. J. R. W. SLOANE, of New York.

Wednesday Morning, 10 o'clock [in the Cooper Institute].—Speakers—Mrs. J. ELIZABETH JONES, of Salem, Ohio; Rev. W. H. FURNESS, D.D., Philadelphia; EDMUND QUINCY, of Boston; Rev. GEORGE F. NOYES, of New York.

Wednesday Afternoon, 3 o'clock [in the Cooper Institute].—Speakers—Rev. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, of Brooklyn; WM. WELLS BROWN; Rev. M. D. CONWAY, of Cincinnati, and others.

NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Anniversary on Wednesday Evening, 7½ o'clock [in the Cooper Institute].—Speakers—THEODORE TILTON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. Admittance 10 cents, to defray expenses.

PUBLICATIONS ON SLAVERY, BY THE BOSTON TRACT SOCIETY.

EVER since the Boston Branch separated from the National Tract Society (May, 1859) and established itself as an independent organization, a running fire of opposition bulletins has been kept up by the Secretaries and prominent friends of each. Each has endeavored to persuade the community that it was right and that its opponent was wrong; each has diligently striven to outwit and circumvent the other in attaining public favor, with its attendant pecuniary contributions; and each has freely used, for this purpose, gross misrepresentations in abundance, with occasional direct lies. This rivalry has been conducted chiefly by the Secretaries, partly in occasional circulars (some secret and some open) and partly through their respective monthly official newspapers, the old one being called *The American Messenger*, and the opposition organ of the Boston Society *The Tract Journal*. The statements of each respecting the other are perfectly saturated with falsehood. Whoever reads either without an accurate previous acquaintance with the upon either as true, or even as honestly *purposing* to speak the truth, is *sure* to be deceived.

We regret to be obliged to say that this systematic course of misrepresentation has been aided, on each side, by the efforts of sundry clergymen, of venerable age, and wielding an extensive influence in the community. Of those who support the *openly* pro-slavery National Society we need not stop to speak. But the pretence of the Boston Society to bear a practically reformatory character is well suited to deceive, and actually succeeds in deceiving great numbers of people; and the deliberate repetition of their official mis-statements by such men as Dr. Wayland of Providence and Dr. Hawes of Hartford is so likely to give them unquestioned currency that it is needful expressly to say that the recent speeches of these two gentlemen are adapted thoroughly to mislead their readers, and to acquire for the Boston Society a credit utterly undeserved.

The key to the present position and course of policy of both these Societies is found in the Report of the Special Committee of Fifteen, made in May, 1857. This Committee, the members of which represented about equally the two directly antagonistic parties in the Society, made a perfectly unanimous Report. How came it to be perfectly unanimous? The very peculiar language of the Report, favoring the policy first of one of the constituent parties of the Committee, and then of the other, in a long series of alternating expressions (reminding you of a vessel "beating" under a head wind), illustrated by the subsequent action of the two parties, shows us precisely how these antagonistic powers came to unite in their Report. Each hoped to outwit and circumvent the other, and gain the administrative power for itself. To this end, each insisted upon the introduction of phrases favoring its own idea into the Report—each allowed (being unable to prevent it) the introduction of alternate phrases, equal in number and significance, but bearing in precisely the opposite direction—and each confident that its party would gain the vote of the Society, and thus attain the administrative power, intended to assume *its* set of phrases to express *the* meaning of the document, and to ignore entirely the significance and even the existence of the other set.

The administration of the *National* Society, as might have been expected, gained the victory, being supported by a very great majority of its members. Of course, finding their past policy (with a single exception) eulogized in this document, and finding themselves eulogized in it for "wisdom" as well as for "fidelity and devotedness," they continued the course which had earned them these praises (with the single exception of discontinuing the mutilation of republished books), and utterly ignored the pet phrases of their opponents in the same document, just as those opponents, if successful, had meant to do with theirs.

Dr. Hawes of Hartford and Dr. Wayland of Providence were members of the Committee of Fifteen. Very likely they contrived the set of phrases, looking towards a moderate and partial reform, which are now made the preponderant ones in the platform of the Boston Society; but at any rate, they voted (since the Committee's Report was unanimous) for the admission of the opposite set of phrases, concocted by Chancellor Frelinghuysen and Judge Jessup; and the consequence was that they were "hoist with their own petard"; instead of outwitting and circumventing, they were outwitted and circumvented; and since this process does not tend to improve the temper, they have ever since been bitterly complaining of the National Society, for doing the very thing which they had purposed to do, had the power fallen into their hands. The *proof* that they meant to do this in the New York Society is found in the fact that they have taken that very course ever since in the Boston Society; adopting the double-barrelled Report of the Committee of Fifteen (to maintain a show of consistency) as their platform, reducing to practice the side which favored their policy, and utterly ignoring the other side, though it is just as plainly expressed.

Now that the traps of these two Societies are to be baited and set for another year, it may be well to "take an observation" to note the positions they now hold. Or rather, since the National Society remains fast anchored, in the position it has always held, while the assumption of superior merit in the Boston Society is founded entirely on their claim to have changed from this position, all we need to look at is the amount of this change, as indicated by their list of publications in regard to slavery, commencing a little before they ceased, in May last, to be a branch of the National Society at New York.

These publications are not dated, and we may therefore fail in some cases in giving the exact order of publication. But the following are all that the Boston Society have published in regard to slavery, up to April, 1860.

Tract No. 1—"The Bible Against Oppression." pp. 4. This tract, compiled by Rev. Samuel Wolcott (formerly of Providence, now settled at Chicago), was originally prepared with special adaptation to the pro-slavery character of the National Tract Society, and consists solely of passages of Scripture directed against the sin of oppression, without mention of the words slave, slaveholder or slavery. Having been refused by the Society at New York, it was published in the same form, without explanation, by the one in Boston.

Their second publication on slavery—"Scriptural Duties of Masters" (the whole contents of which, as well as the circumstances attending its original publication in Kentucky, in 1846, show that "Masters" means *slave-masters*)—is a little book of forty-two pages, a portion of that thoroughly pro-slavery book which, having been adopted and printed by the National Tract Society in 1857, and then been suppressed before its distribution, obtained the name of "the suppressed tract."

The part now published by the Boston Society is a sermon preached in 1846 in Danville, Ky., by Rev. Dr. John C. Young, a pro-slavery minister in that place, and then published there at the unanimous request of the slaveholders of his church and congregation, as being well adapted to help keep their bondmen in subjection. It assumes, throughout, that *God* has appointed the masters to be masters and the slaves to be slaves, and that the practice of slaveholding is in no manner or degree incompatible with a Christian life.

The Boston Society prefaces this tract with the following advertisement:

> "The American Tract Society, in Boston, in publishing this tract, while approving of its general aim and tone, distinctly disclaim, as an expression of their views, anything said in it which may seem to sanction the institution of slavery, or any of those evils which it promotes."

They approve the *general aim and tone* of a book published originally by slaveholders because it was a help to slavery, but disclaim anything in it which may *seem* pro-slavery!

Tract No. 4. "Slavery and the Bible: By Rev. Enoch Pond, D.D." pp. 16.

This tract (written by a Northern clergyman who has always been an active opposer of anti-slavery) represents the Bible, and Christ and his Apostles, as favoring neither the perpetuity nor the immediate abolition of slavery; but as justifying the adoption of some (unspecified) intermediate course, whenever the lapse of a sufficient number of centuries should (and shall) have rendered it "*less likely to excite prejudice.*" (!)

Tract No. 12, of four pages, entitled "Katy Ferguson; or, What a poor colored woman may do," touches slavery only incidentally, but with condemnation; and it makes honorable mention of Rev. Dr. John M. Mason of New York, as having exerted himself to oppose the prevalence of the spirit of *caste* in his Church.

It is worthy of note in this connection that, instead of testifying against this system of *caste* as now practised in the Churches of their own city, the Boston Society have placed on their Executive Committee Rev. Andrew L. Stone, the pastor of that Church in Park street which drove a colored man by force away from the pew which he had bought in their house of worship, and then, in church-meeting, enacted a by-law for the permanent exclusion of all colored people from equal participation with whites in the occupancy of that house. That law still remains on their books, that exclusion is still maintained in their seats, and their minister has never testified against it; is this the way the Boston Society encourages reform?

Tract No. 33. "Prayer for the Oppressed: a Premium Tract: by Rev. James A. Thome, Cleveland, Ohio." pp. 28. [illegible] favors immediate, rather than gradual, emancipation. But such merit as it has is greatly alloyed by the following representations, some of which are directly deceptive, and all delusive.

1. It represents "the great modern movement in opposition to slavery" to be a result of the Church "Revival of 1830-3." Nothing could be more utterly deceptive. The Church, in this country, is the great bulwark of slavery. A few old church-members, and a larger number of young ones, have been converted to anti-slavery by influences external to the Church, and some of these have done very valuable service in the battle against slavery. But this does not alter the general rule, which is, most decidedly, that from the time a young man joins the Church, and in direct proportion to his zeal in her cause, he is unlikely to *act* for, or to *care* for, the slave.

2. It represents "prayer" as the great instrument, and (almost) the *only* instrument, needful to be used against slavery. It recommends *no action*, nothing but prayer (with occasional fasting) as the work of Christians in this department! The abolition of slavery is God's business! He postpones it because He has not been prayed to sufficiently! The great fault of the Church has been that it has not prayed enough! The great necessity of the present time is to pray more! And when the requisite quantity of prayer has been made, God will do the work, and the part of the Church will be to look on and see him do it! Nay, even this representation falls short of the energy of the author's expression, p. 11th, as follows:

> "Prayer must take hold on the arm of the Lord, and move it to strike the decisive blow."

3. In extolling the preëminent importance of prayer for the abolition of slavery, the author of this tract makes the following enormous misrepresentations:

> "Every other mode of opposition has been vigorously employed."—p. 10.
>
> "The moral influence of the nation has borne against it with a pressure seemingly irresistible. . . . . But it mocks at moral suasion."—pp. 10, 11.
>
> "Political measures have been tried—tried in good faith and with the utmost energy." (!)—p. 11.
>
> "We are prone to try everything else before we resort to wrestling prayer. We *have* tried everything else."—ib.

4. This tract assumes, throughout, as a matter of course, that the church-members of this country are the real Christians of the country, even when directly opposing anti-slavery action. For instance:

> "It is painful to reflect that the theme of supplication which for twice ten years God has been urging upon his people has been so strenuously excluded from the prayer-meeting, the monthly concert and the sanctuary."—p. 9.

His people, indeed!

This "premium tract" occupies 21 of the 28 pages of Tract No. 39. The remaining pages are occupied by these two extracts: one from a sermon by the time-serving Boston minister (also a member of the Executive Committee of the Boston Tract Society), Rev. Edward N. Kirk, D.D., and the other by Dr. Wayland of Providence, R. I. The former enforces the duty of prayer against slavery, with particular application to prayer for "slave-owners," whom he distributes into three classes—"the unwilling master—the willing, but kind master—and the oppressor." The extract from Dr. Wayland is intended to show how a man may continue a slaveholder, under certain circumstances, without sin.

Tract No. 40 (pp. 4), entitled, "How would you like it yourself? A Conversation between C., a layman, and P., a slaveholding clergyman," was written by Rev. Dr. Kirk, above-mentioned. It is a reply to some ordinary false pretences of slaveholders, well stated by the moderate opponent of slavery in some respects, though absurdly assuming that his intensely pro-slavery interlocutor is a Christian brother, and also that *God* pronounced on Canaan the curse which, we are told in Genesis, Noah uttered, after he "awoke from his wine."

Tract No. 42 (pp. 24) is entitled—"The Family and Slavery: showing the influence of Slavery upon the Domestic Relations. By a Native of the South-West." It correctly depicts the destructive influence of slavery upon the Family relation, but makes very unreasonable and damaging concessions, namely:

It assumes, respecting slavery, that the laws of Moses "tolerated it temporarily" among the Hebrews; that, in our country, the slaveholders enjoy a true "gospel ministry," though the slaves do not; and that the *caste* which slavery has established, by complicity and coöperation of the American Church, is, as far as this Church upholds it, "*caste* IN THE KINGDOM OF GOD"!

Tract No. 45, a premium tract of 28 pages, written by Isaac Allen of Oberlin, Ohio, considers the question—"Is slavery sanctioned by the Bible?" This tract is of nearly unexceptionable excellence, inculcating, substantially, the views taught in Dr. Cheever's two volumes upon that subject.

The next publication of the Boston Tract Society in regard to slavery is a small volume entitled—"The Child's Anti-Slavery Book." This had been previously published by Carlton and Porter, of New York city, who had the copyright of it. It consists of four short stories for children, introduced by "A Few Words about American Slave Children." The Tract Society's edition is an accurate reprint of the original, with two modifications; a new title page, with the imprint of the Boston Tract Society; and a Preface, commencing thus:

> "We wish to give no false impressions to children on any subject. We dread the danger of creating in their minds indiscriminate prejudices against all who hold the legal relation of owners of slaves. But we equally dread the danger of having any child grow up in the belief that slavery is not an enormous evil—a wrong to the slave, and a sin against God."

Here we have, in a nut-shell, the position of the Boston Society in regard to slavery. They seem really solicitous, and *equally* solicitous, to accomplish two points, namely: first, to speak enough against slavery to distinguish themselves from the National Tract Society, which refuses to speak of it at all; and next, to maintain that slaveholders may be Christians, and that slaveholding orthodox church-members *are* Christians!

Their last publication on this subject is a little volume of 102 pages, entitled, "The African Slave Trade: by Rev. Rufus W. Clark." So much as this volume correctly states of the present extent of the slave trade with Africa (it does not speak of the far more extensive *domestic* slave trade), and of the prospective danger of its increase, is alloyed by serious errors, partly ambiguities, sure to give the false impression of which they are susceptible rather than the true one, and partly misstatements; as follows:

We give first a specimen of the delusive ambiguity. Speaking of the propositions to legalize the foreign slave trade, the writer says:

> "For several years past there has been growing up in the community a power that plants itself in direct antagonism to the teachings of our religion, the professed aim of our political institutions, the influence of our educational systems, and the sentiments inculcated in our national literature."—p. 7.

If there is a certain sense in which these things are true of the Slave Power, it is also, and equally, true that slavery is supported by the teachings of great numbers of the clergy of this country, and by the zealous efforts of the general government, and that our education and our literature have done much to uphold it.

The writer proceeds to say—p. 8.

> "It may be a delicate question to inquire who, in the various States of this Union, are responsible for the growth of this evil; who, by their direct action, their silence, or their apologies for slavery, have made contributions to its strength."

The question is *so* delicate, and the true answer would give so rude a shock to the writer's own ecclesiastical relations, that he does not attempt to answer it, except by the following oblique statement, p. 8, to which we request the reader's particular attention.

> "When benevolent societies, ecclesiastical bodies, an influential press, churches professing to be Christian, unite with a demoralized public opinion, and an oppressive secular authority, to perpetuate or extend a system of iniquity, there is created a force for evil, against which even millions of free Christian men find it difficult to contend."

Now, if the former part of this sentence be a just description of our country, as it undoubtedly is, what becomes of the truth of the sentence we first quoted, from the preceding page of the same book, which represents our Church, State, education and literature as "in direct antagonism" to the Slave Power?

Again, the end of the sentence last quoted implies that there are "millions of free Christian men" in this country who are struggling against these pernicious forces! Where are they? If even half a million, from the recreant order of Churches to which Mr. Clark belongs, had begun [illegible] of active opposition to slavery one year ago, really feeling for those in bonds "as bound with them," the work of abolishing slavery would, at this moment, be half accomplished. His "millions" are entirely mythical and imaginary; and the class of Orthodox Congregationalists, to which he belongs, have done far less in opposition to slavery than to anti-slavery.

We have space to say, further, of this book, only that the author twice makes the erroneous assertion that "when the United States Constitution was adopted, the hostility to slavery was national, and the pro-slavery feeling was local"; that he refers to the Missouri Compromise as a "solemn contract" which should have been continued, instead of a shameful concession to the Slave Power; that he bestows emphatic praise upon that Presbyterian General Assembly which manufactured, in 1818, a document in relation to slavery which has allowed that wickedness to flourish among their sect ever since; and that one of his objections to the revival of the foreign slave trade is that it would increase the irritation now existing between North and South! As if that irritation did not need to be increased! As if there were any safety, any welfare, or prosperity in store for us, except through the increase of the existing excitement, until it avails to sweep every vestige of slavery from the country!

Such are the fruits of the Boston Tract Society! The tree is known by its fruit!

SLAVE HUNTING IN THE EMPIRE STATE.

WE blush to say that two men have been sent from this city into slavery the present week, under the provisions of the accursed Fugitive Slave law. The whole affair was conducted with so much secrecy that it was not known in time for any serious effort to be made in behalf of the poor victims. The names of the men were Allen Graff and Josiah Hay, who were alleged to have escaped, the one from Absalom Cline and the other from Charles A. Lawrence, formers of Frederick Co., Maryland. They were brought before Commissioner Betts, who, after hearing the evidence, remanded them to the claimants, to be taken back to the bondage from which they had but recently escaped. They had probably not been in the city more than two or three days—not long enough certainly to have any acquaintance with anti-slavery men. *The Times* says that Hay, on being brought into the presence of the Commissioner, appeared very much overcome and excited. He sat with his head leaning on his breast, weeping constantly. Graff was less agitated, and is said to have declared (in presence of the claimant's agent) that he did not want counsel, but desired to "go home."

Think what must be the public sentiment in this great city, where two human beings can be thus consigned to life-long bondage with less excitement than is caused by sending a common thief to the penitentiary, and where of all the pulpits existing therein there are not, probably, three, if even so many, that will have courage to rebuke the outrage!

But they do things differently up the river, thank God! as will appear from the following account:

FUGITIVE SLAVE RESCUE IN TROY.

RUNNING FIGHT WITH THE OFFICERS—RECAPTURE AND RESCUE.

From the Troy Whig, April 28.

YESTERDAY afternoon the streets of this city and West Troy were made the scenes of unexampled excitement. For the first time since the passage of the Fugitive Slave law, an attempt was made here to carry its provisions into execution, and the result was a terrific encounter between the officers and the prisoner's friends, the triumph of mob law and the final rescue of the fugitive. Our city was thrown into a grand state of turmoil, and for a time every other topic was forgotten to give place to this new excitement. People did not think last evening to ask who was nominated at Charleston, or whether the news of the Heenan and Sayers battle had arrived—everything was merged in the fugitive slave case, of which it seems the end is not yet.

Charles Nalle, the fugitive, who was the cause of all this excitement, was a slave on the plantation of B. W. Hansborough, in Culpepper County, Virginia, till the 19th of October, 1858, when he made his escape, and went to live in Columbia, Pennsylvania. A wife and five children of his are residing there now. Not long since he came to Sandlake, in this county, and resided in the family of Mr. Crosby till about three weeks ago. Since that time he has been employed as coachman by Uri Gilbert, Esq., of this city. He is about thirty years of age, tall and quite light-complexioned, and good-looking. He is said to have been an excellent and faithful servant.

At Sandlake, we understand that Nalle was often seen by one H. F. Averill, formerly connected with one of the papers of this city, who communicated with his reputed owner in Virginia, and gave the information that led to a knowledge of the whereabouts of the fugitive. Averill wrote letters for him, and thus obtained an acquaintance with his history. Mr. Hansborough sent on an agent, Henry J. Wall, by whom the necessary papers were got out to arrest the fugitive.

Yesterday morning, about eleven o'clock, Charles Nalle was sent to procure some bread for the family by whom he was employed. He failed to return. At the baker's he was arrested by Deputy United States Marshal J. W. Holmes, and immediately taken before United States Commissioner Miles Beach. The son of Mr. Gilbert, thinking it strange that he did not come back, sent to the house of William Henry, on Division street, where he boarded, and his whereabouts was discovered.

The examination before Commissioner Beach was quite brief. The evidence of Averill and the agent was taken, and the Commissioner decided to remand Nalle to Virginia. The necessary papers were made out and given to the Marshal.

By this time it was two o'clock, and the fact began to be noised abroad that there was a fugitive slave in Mr. Beach's office, corner of State and First streets. People in knots of ten or twelve collected near the entrance, looking at Nalle, who could be seen at an upper window. William Henry, a colored man, with whom Nalle boarded, commenced talking from the curb-stone in a loud voice to the crowd. He uttered such sentences as, "There is a fugitive slave in that office—pretty soon you will see him come forth. He is going to be taken down South, and you will all have a chance to see him. He is to be taken to the depot, to go to Virginia by the first train. Keep watch of those stairs and you will have a sight." A number of women kept shouting, crying, and by loud appeals exciting the colored persons assembled.

Still the crowd grew in numbers. Wagons halted in front of the locality, and were soon piled with spectators. An alarm of fire was sounded, and hose carriages dashed through the ranks of men, women and boys; but they closed again, and kept looking with expectant eyes at the window where the negro was visible. Meanwhile angry discussions commenced. Some persons agitated a rescue and others favored law and order. Mr. Brockway, a lawyer, had his coat torn for expressing his sentiments, and other *melées* kept the interest alive.

All at once there was a wild hallou, and every eye was turned up to see the legs and part of the body of the prisoner protruding from the second story window, at which he was endeavoring to escape. Then arose such a shout. "Drop down!" "Catch him!" "Hurrah!" But the attempt was a fruitless one, for somebody in the office pulled Nalle back again, amid the shouts of a hundred pair of lungs. The crowd at this time numbered nearly a thousand persons. Many of them were black, and a good share were of the female sex. They blocked up State street from First street to the alley, and kept surging to and fro.

Martin I. Townsend, Esq., who acted as counsel for the fugitive, did not arrive in the Commissioner's office until a decision had been rendered. He immediately went before Judge Gould, of the Supreme Court, and procured a writ of habeas corpus in the usual form, returnable immediately. This was given to Deputy-Sheriff Nathaniel Upham, who at once proceeded to Commissioner Beach's office and served it on Holmes. Very injudiciously the officers proceeded directly to Judge Gould's office, although it was evident they would have to pass through an excited, unreasoning crowd. As soon as the officers and their prisoner emerged from the door, an old negro, who had been standing at the bottom of the stairs shouted: "Here they come," and the crowd made a terrific rush at the party.

From the office of Commissioner Beach, in the Mutual Building, to that of Judge Gould, in Congress street, is less than two blocks, but it was made a regular battle-field. The moment the prisoner emerged from the doorway, in custody of Deputy Sheriff Upham, Chief of Police Quin, officer Cleveland and Deputy Holmes, the crowd made one grand charge, and those nearest the prisoner seized him violently, with the intention of pulling him away from the officers; but they were foiled, and down First to Congress street, and up the latter in front of Judge Gould's chambers, went the surging mass. Exactly what did go on in the crowd it is impossible to say, but the pulling, hauling, mauling and shouting gave evidences of frantic efforts on the part of the rescuers, and a stern resistance from the conservators of the law. In front of Judge Gould's office the combat was at its height. No stones or other missiles were used; the battle was fist to fist. We believe an order was given to take the prisoner to the court-house, but the crowd carried the prisoner the other way, and there was a grand rush towards the west, past First and River streets, as far as Dock street. All this time there was a continual melée. Many of the officers were hurt—among them Mr. Upham, whose object was solely to do his duty by taking Nalle before Judge Gould in accordance with the writ of habeas corpus. A number in the crowd were more or less hurt, and it is a wonder that there were not badly injured, as pistols were drawn and chisels used.

The battle had raged as far as the corner of Dock and Congress streets, and the victory remained with the rescuers at last. The officers were completely worn out with their exertions, and it was impossible to continue their hold upon him any longer. Nalle was at liberty. His friends rushed him down Dock street to the lower ferry, where there was a skiff lying ready to start. The fugitive was put in, the ferryman rowed off, and, amid the shouts of hundreds who lined the bank of the river, Nalle was carried into Albany County.

As the skiff landed in West Troy a negro sympathizer waded up to the waist and pulled Nalle out of the boat. He went up the hill alone, however, and there who should be met but constable Becker? The latter official seeing a man with manacles on, considered it his duty to arrest him. He did so, and took him in a wagon to the office of Justice Stewart, on the second floor of the corner building near the ferry. The Justice was absent.

When the crowd on the Troy bank had seen Nalle safely landed, it was suggested that he might be recaptured. Then there was another rush made for the steam ferry boat, which carried over about four hundred persons, and left as many more—a few of the latter being soused in their efforts to get on the boat. On landing in West Troy, there, sure enough, was the prisoner locked up in a strong office, protected by officers Becker, Brown and Morrison, and the door barricaded.

Not a moment was lost. Up stairs went a score or more of resolute men—the rest "piling in" promiscuously, shouting and execrating the officers. Soon a stone flew against the door—then another—and bang, bang! went off a couple of pistols, but the officers who fired them took good care to aim pretty high. The assailants were forced to retreat for a moment. "They've got pistols," said one. "Who cares?" was the reply; "they can only kill a dozen of us—come on." More stones and more pistol shots ensued. At last the door was pulled open by an immense negro, and in a moment he was felled by a hatchet in the hands of Deputy-Sheriff Morrison; but the body of the fallen man blocked up the door so that it could not be shut, and a friend of the prisoner pulled him out. Poor fellow, he might well say, "Save me from my friends." Amid the pulling and hauling the iron had cut his arms, which were bleeding profusely, and he could hardly walk, owing to fatigue.

Nalle, when last seen, was in a buggy behind a fleet horse, and supposed to be on his way to "the promised land," where we trust he is now safe from the kidnappers. The correspondent of *The Times* at Troy says: "Without mentioning names, it is but a matter of truth to state that the rescuers numbered many of our most respectable citizens—lawyers, editors, public men and private individuals. The rank and file, though, were black, and African fury is entitled to claim the greatest share in the rescue. The "white folks" engaged seemed to glory in the part they took, boasting of their achievements—how they struck the Marshal at this point, had a pistol pointed at them near the corner, how they 'ran' the fugitive along the dock, and the bullets they received (through their hats) at the storming of the Justice's office. They court arrest, and the candidates for the martyr's crown are certainly numerous."

"INFIDELITY" ON THE WESTERN RESERVE.—One of the letters of Oliver Brown to his wife, which appeared in THE STANDARD of March 24th, was dated at West Andover, Ashtabula Co., Ohio, June 18th, 1859. In that letter he said: "I very much like the people here; they are a liberal-minded, whole-souled people. I am told that in no country in the world is there so great a proportion of 'infidels'; and also that it would be equally hard to find a country where there is so much comfort, thrift, intelligence, morality and progressive and reform sentiment." The "country" to which he alludes is evidently not the town of West Andover exclusively, but the region of which it is a fractional part—the Western Reserve; and the "infidels" referred to are manifestly the class of reformers upon whom that epithet is falsely and malignantly bestowed by a time-serving priesthood and a corrupt Church. In *The Ashtabula Sentinel* of April 17th we find a letter from West Andover, signed by Mr. A. Coleman, the object of which is to discredit the statement reported by Oliver Brown as to "the great proportion of 'infidels'" in that quarter. Mr. Coleman says they are but "a small portion of the inhabitants." Very likely, but this does not by any means contradict the statement that "in no other country in the world is there *so great* a proportion" of that class, since their numbers are few everywhere. Mind, we do not, nor did Mr. Brown, speak of real infidels, but of a particular class of reformers to whom that opprobrious epithet is falsely applied by Mr. Coleman and others like him. Mr. Coleman entirely misrepresents the character of these reformers, giving them no credit whatever for "the thrift, intelligence, morality and progressive and reform sentiment that prevail" in that region, but claiming that these characteristics are the result of what *he* calls "religious influence" as opposed to their principles and measures. It is manifest, however, from his letter, that he belongs to that numerous class of people who mistake *sectarianism* for religion, and *Churchianity* for Christianity. We cannot see that we are under the slightest obligation to print his letter.

ADAMS'S CALIFORNIA MENAGERIE.—J. C. Adams, the veteran hunter from California, has opened an exhibition of wild animals from that State at the corner of Thirteenth street and Fourth Avenue. He has eleven different specimens of bears of various sizes, each one of which performs some trick by his direction. One big grisly stands up or sits down, shows his teeth, growls, etc., while another dances, walks arm-in-arm with Adams and "trips the light fantastic toe," all at the word of command or crack of the whip. Another, and a smaller one, is elected Chairman of the meeting by the unanimous voice of Old Adams, whereupon he climbs to the top of a tall post and sits down in a chair which is fastened there. Imitating the example of the distinguished chairmen of human conventions, he delights to get his heels higher than his head, and, having made himself comfortable, quietly goes to sleep in his elevated position, only to be awakened when his services are needed. A large grisly, named "Lady Washington," is mounted by her master and ridden round the ring. Mr. Adams also shows California cougars, tigers, wolves, foxes, coyotes, eagles, owls, ostriches, &c.; also a small Rocky mountain buffalo. "Old Samson," one of the grislys, weighs 2,000 pounds. Perhaps some of our country friends will thank us for telling them where this exhibition may be found. It is open day and evening.

THE LATEST MANIFESTATIONS OF THE SPIRIT OF SLAVERY.

DR. CHEEVER'S SECOND DISCOURSE.

DR. CHEEVER delivered the second of a new series of Anti-Slavery Discourses in the Church of the Puritans, on Sunday evening last, to a crowded and highly intelligent audience, which gave the closest attention to his arguments and appeals in behalf of the oppressed, and to his graphic portraiture of the debasing influences of slavery upon the Church, the Ministry and the People of this land. The matter of his discourse was distributed under three heads:

I. The terrible condition of a community in which one class of people own another class as property; a social state in which no man seems to esteem himself a freeman unless he has the ability to insult and domineer over some other man; where freedom is the privilege of owning a slave, and where, if a man does not own some other man, he is a degraded member of society, a poor white; where a human being feels himself ashamed unless he is a man-stealer; where a form of crime and sin reprobated of God is the seal of a man's respectability, his passport to social and official distinction, the proof of wealth and high standing; where, in proportion as he lives more perfectly and entirely by stealing, he is the more perfect in the estimation of the community, as a patriot, a Christian and a man.

II. Where we are, what is our position as a People, a Church, a Ministry, in regard to this sin.

III. What we ought to do, and the least that we can do, to deliver the land from this iniquity.

Dr. Cheever kindly permits us to copy from his own manuscript the following passages, embracing most of what he uttered under the second head. At another time perhaps we may make further extracts, but this is all for which we can now find room.

Under the latest manifestations of Divine grace in our country, it was confidently hoped by many that the revival of religion would be a preparation for the abolition of slavery; but the result thus far seems to show that slavery, though condemned of God as murder, is not inconsistent with the present style and element of piety; for the only effect of the revival upon it has been its progressive sanction, and the production of an increased sensitiveness against all agitation in regard to it. One of the fruits of the large accessions made to the Churches seems to be an increased sympathy with the slaveholder, and not for the slave; a sympathy with the slaveholder, and a more vigilant protection and stronger assertion of his pretended right of ownership in human beings.

We have waited and watched to see if the gathering of hundreds of thousands into the Churches, and the establishment of noon prayer-meetings in our great cities, would be signalized by any greater tenderness of conscience, any deeper abhorrence of this sin, any new effort against it, any tide of supplication in behalf of the enslaved, any united and organized labors of prayerful zeal, any rallying of moral power and spiritual energy against this gigantic iniquity, any such results as are recorded to have followed the great revivals noted in God's Word, when men purged the land from its abominations, and put away their idols and their profitable sins. But there are no such practical fruits. If, of late, there have been more pulpits delivered from the curse of dumbness, more lips unsealed, more sermons preached, it is not the time-serving piety of the revivals, but the hanging of John Brown that has opened them. It is the awful providence of God, rousing the nation from that scaffold, and not the previous grace or Word of God practised by the Churches or the Ministry.

We have waited to see what the American Board might be persuaded to do; that great and venerated exposition of the best piety of the country, as has been supposed. We have waited for some decisive testimony, some exercise of the moral power and opportunity committed to that Board against the great form of iniquity acknowledged to be of greater and more direct and deadly hostility against the missionary enterprise, especially in Africa, than any other. We have watched the recurrence of religious conventions, associations, convocations, if possibly the fire of a reforming piety like that of Josiah's and Asa's revivals of religion might blaze forth in a permanent conflagration. We have watched to see if the piety of revivals might not unite and concentrate the strength of rival or jealous anti-slavery circles into one holy, generous, sympathizing, enthusiastic movement. We have watched to see if something like the Church Anti-Slavery organization, coming on the heels of revival blessings, would not attract the warm-hearted of every denomination: if some trumpet call, like that with which, in a bad cause, the hollow deep of hell resounded, would not rally and excite the Christian abolitionism and Abolitionists of all sects to array themselves together, with the Word and Spirit of God, under the power of a Savior's love, against this sweeping, remorseless, successful, all devouring iniquity. Meantime, the iniquity itself never has been so arrogant, never so denunciatory and intolerant, not only of those who dare oppose it in God's name, but even of such as barely refuse to sanction it. The excommunicating thunders of the dead Popedom of the dark ages have been seized by this monster and hurled over the land, and merchant princes have presented themselves as a cringing *posse comitatus* for the execution of its edicts. Nothing more humiliating in the mercantile history of our country has ever occurred than the voluntary, ignominious descent of great firms into the mire of this wickedness, kneeling in the mud as the Juggernaut passes, and imploring the idol to be satisfied with the immolation of their principles, and not to require the sacrifice of their goods! Continue to us thy patronage, O Baal, for we are thy faithful friends. And the latest missal issued for the convenience of the sect is in the shape of a directory for the South, containing the names of those firms, those merchants, who may be relied upon as faithful worshippers. There was never a meaner or more perfect diabolical possession, not even of the devils in the herd of swine, than that by which, under the spell of this despotism, whole classes of men lose their senses and their shame together, and the mean man boweth down, and the great man humbleth himself, striving which shall go the deepest in this pool, making an absolute competition and parade in their debauchery of conscience.

All this we have witnessed in silence, while the political exponents of the theology of this Moloch have kept the whole hemisphere in a blaze with their sulphurous and angry demonstrations. The whole winter has been spent by Congress in uttering and pouring through the land the most extraordinary and elaborate arguments in support of slavery, and denunciations of any who dare oppose it in God's name, arraigning such opposition as treason to the country, and threatening the penalties of treason against the free expression of opinion in regard to it. It has been the spectacle of a volcano of rattling thunders and of lurid fires, hissing with angry tongues in praise of a system of cruelty and licentiousness, arrogated as having the sanction of a God of love. And while the greatest moral question of the age has been the subject not of calm investigation, but of dogmatism, declamation and intensely furious discussion, the pulpits of the land have continued as silent on the matter as if our Senators and Representatives had been the sole appointed teachers under God's authority, having a monopoly of instruction in this province of theology and morals, our only duty being to listen to their harangues, and keep the Word of Jehovah silent in the conflict.

At the same time, outrages have been committed, day after day, some of which, had the report of them reached us from a foreign missionary station, would have been at once presented to our congregations, would have called forth indignation mass meetings, would have been rebuked in all the pulpits of the land. Had such a transaction as the expulsion of the Rev. Mr. Fee and his brother missionaries and fellow-laborers from Kentucky—a whole colony of peaceful, prayerful, industrious teachers, driven from their homes and employments by mob violence, sustained and animated by the authorities in violation of law—had such a transaction been described as a crime committed abroad, who can doubt that there would have been a fire of indignation kindled in our Churches? Who imagines that our ministers would have kept silence in regard to such an outrage, or that it would not have been denounced with the utmost severity as a crime of intolerance and cruelty? And, again, the violation of all the securities and rights of freedom and piety in the outrage of the imprisonment of Rev. Daniel Worth for the simple exercise of a most unquestionable right, that of reading and circulating a work in condemnation of slavery. A minister of the gospel, of unsullied, irreproachable character, imprisoned for using the freedom of his duty as a teacher and preacher of Christ, for exercising the common right of a free citizen to form his own opinions in regard to all institutions, and to express his convictions as to the right or wrong in them! These outrages, and the iniquity that is the cause of them, and the irreligious and immoral state of society produced by the prevalence and sanction of that iniquity, ought to have been rebuked by the Churches and the Ministry. The policy of silence is that of consent.

Again, the past winter has witnessed the shameless petition from more than a thousand mercantile firms of this city to the Legislature of this State praying that the sanction and security of law might be given for the introduction of slavery among ourselves, that the laws forbidding slavery might be so abolished, and the hospitality of the State so enlarged, that slaveholders might come hither with their slaves, and sojourn unmolested, their chattels being secured to them! A petition from merchants, many of them doubtless members of Christian Churches, for the establishment of slavery in the State and City of New York! Just as if a race of Jewish traders had been seen petitioning the council of the nation, in behalf of the descendants of those Ishmaelites who bought Joseph from the patriarchs and sold him into Egypt, that they might be permitted to sojourn with their human chattels in Jerusalem, and to carry on their traffic unmolested, for the sake of a larger business with the merchants of Judea, and a greater profit therein, and that for this purpose the law of God against slavery and for the protection of fugitives might be repealed. If there had been such a record, we should have said that Judas must have been a lineal descendant from those merchants.

Meanwhile, in both free and slave States, what renewal and increase of cruel legislation, so barbarous, so diabolical, that nothing in the statutes of Ahab and Omri, or of all Pagan antiquity, all things considered, is to be found worse! Bills proposed and carried for selling into slavery the free negro population, laws compelling them either to expatriate themselves, at the cost of great want and misery, or, as the only alternative, to make slaves of themselves, along with their posterity, to put themselves as the covenanting head of a new race of chattels, to be created by this act, under the descending damning stamp of the die of this mint of perdition; a new branch of the United States Mint under the rescript that black men have no rights that white men are bound to respect; a new issue of this coin of crime and guilt, that reproduces and reduplicates itself from generation to generation. Measure, if you can, describe, if you can, in any adequate language, the terrible iniquity and cruelty of such a social state, and of such laws permitted or possible in such a state, as can grind down gradually, or crush down suddenly, a human being and his wife to such a condition of anguish and despair as to make them willing, in the unavailing, wild hope of some relief, to stamp themselves and their children, and their children's children, as slaves, as merchandise, as things and not persons, forever! If a circle of fire is drawn around the scorpion, it retreats, in its agony, to the centre, and stings itself! One pang of death, and all is over! But here you surround the negro with this cordon of the flame of human cruelty, and tighten it upon him, nearer and nearer, till you compel him, as his only refuge from the consuming heat, to put this asp at his heart, to plunge the sting of this death into his own being, not for himself alone, but for his wife and children, and the race that is to come after him! You compel him to choose for them as well as himself this protracted living death, that he may escape, as, in his ignorance, he thinks he may, from worse social torments. And the free States take part in this work of torture; and wherever there seems to be a door of escape for the miserable victim, you hasten to kindle a new fire in that gap in the circle. You pronounce free negroes a nuisance; you bristle against them the bayonets of ostracising statutes; you hold prepared in your leash, for a guarantee to the owners of escaping slaves, the marshals and bloodhounds of the Fugitive Slave bill, which you are ready to let loose upon them. Your candidates for the Presidency declare that they go for that guarantee, and that if the torturing code of inhumanity and cruelty as it stands now is found insufficient for the protection and security of this crime of man-stealing, or should by any possibility be repealed, they will go in for another and a stronger! If the glare and heat and death of slavery within the circle of fire are terrible, you will compel the victims of the system, should despair enable them to break through, to run the more dreadful gauntlet of your professedly Christian and penal inflictions upon men guilty of such treason against so sacred a domestic institution. And to whom is this bid for the Presidency made? to whom is the promise held forth, that if you will carry them into the Presidential chair, they will see to it that the vested interests of the slave States in the bodies and souls of four millions of human beings, and of thousands that even now may be added to the number of such screws and garrotings of social torture as we have referred to, that the vested interests and rights of the slave States in this slave property shall receive no detriment, but shall be secured to them forever? To Christians, not to savages, to men who profess to believe in a God, and a Divine Revelation, and a law of mercy to the stranger, and of love to thy neighbor as thyself! To Christians is this promise and persuasion held out, that if they will elect to sovereign power a man available by right professions, that power shall be exercised to keep the slaves within their circle of fire, and to secure their being so held and kept forever!

Thus, through another year, along with the ingathering of souls into the Churches, the work of this remorseless cruelty has been going on, these outrages against God and man so multiplying that the very sensibilities and conscience of the people are becoming indifferent to them, hardened by them. Borne in silence by the Church and Ministry, they seem to be accepted and sanctioned. Even the sensitiveness of a living piety, that ought to have awakened a universal horror and hatred against such wickedness, is paralyzed by it. And these evils, wrongs, outrages, aggressions, do not seem to have been checked in the least, nor lessened, nor even shamed, by the revivals of religion. Like two rival steeds, neck and neck, the two agencies of God and Mammon, Heaven and Hell, race together in the same Church.

Religion has no more perceptible influence in checking this sin than the warmth of the Arctic summer, or the glory of the Northern lights, in counteracting the glaciers of December, or than the frosts of the winter in stopping the cataract of Niagara. It has no more effect upon the defenders of this sin than the light of the moon upon Barnum's menagerie at noon-day. It has no more to do with staying its progress than the running of the water of the Croton Reservoir by pipes into our dwellings has to do with the stopping of the cars on the Hudson River Railroad, or the regulating of the time-table between this city and Philadelphia. No man loses his reputation by defending the system, but those lose both credit and friends who apply the Word of God against it. The man who goes for the abolition of this wickedness is declared to be a dangerous radical, and he who attempts to agitate society on the subject of slavery in the slave States is meddling with that which is out of his province, and is injuring the peace and prosperity of the free States.

MOBOCRACY IN BALTIMORE.—A State Republican Convention assembled in Rechabite Hall, Baltimore, on the 29th ult., to appoint delegates to the National Republican Convention, to be held in Chicago on the 23d inst. Forty delegates were present, representing all the Congressional Districts, though not all the Counties. Judge Blair, of Montgomery, presided. The Convention had been in session only an hour when it was broken up by a mob of desperate rowdies, set on, it is said, by prominent citizens of the city, who thought it little better than treason for such a body to assemble there. One of the Baltimore delegates, Mr. William Gunnison, had a narrow escape from bodily harm, if not from death. The mob ran after him in the street, hailing him as "Old Osawatomie," and crying, "tar and feather him," "Lynch him," "kill the scoundrel," &c.; but the police finally rescued him. The Convention subsequently met in a more private place and completed its business. The press of Baltimore unites in condemning the outrage as disgraceful to the city and calculated to advance the interests of the Republican party.

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE AMERICAN ANTI SLAVERY SOCIETY, for the year ending May 1st, 1859, will be published and ready for delivery to members, and also be for sale at the Annual Meeting, next week. It has been prepared by CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, whose thorough acquaintance with the subject and marked ability as a writer are a sufficient guarantee that the work is worthily done. A friend who has seen it thinks it is able and interesting beyond any previous Report of the Society. Owing to unavoidable circumstances, this Report was not ready to be submitted at the last Annual Meeting; and we regret to say that, for similar reasons, the Report for 1859-60, which it was hoped would be ready for the meeting next week, cannot be printed till some months hence. Next year we hope to see the record of the Society's history squarely posted up to Anniversary Week.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCLXVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent is pugnacious and pugilistic—He vindicateth the glory of the country and demandeth justice for the Boy—He relateth an international battle of former years—And is Epic and Homeric—He enlighteneth possible ignorance and giveth the history of a Champion of England—But he bemoaneth his fate as the historian of a National defeat—He moralizeth his strain and pointeth out the lessons to be drawn from the Prize Ring—He speaketh lightly of the Match at Charleston—He stirreth the dust and recounteth the provision laid in of the same—His hydrostatic theory, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, April 30th, 1860.

WE are in a pugnacious state of mind here, as well as elsewhere, just now. Who could be otherwise when the result of the fight in the prize ring of Aldershot has just come to hand, while that of the one at Charleston yet hangs in the scales of Fate? To be sure, no well-constituted and patriotic mind can be content with the English ending. The nation has been robbed of the crown of glory which would have encircled its brow at the identical moment that the belt was wound about its champion's waist. The impartial Muse of History will record the fact in letters of light, that Heenan *whipped* and that Sayers was *licked*, though the breaking in of the crowd prevented the due declaration of the victory. The English have evidently been taking lessons of their trans-atlantic cousins. The "fair play" which has ever been one of the chiefest boasts of John Bull has, we fear, been put out of joint by our Plug-Ugly communications. If Mr. Dallas had any due sense of the honor of the country he represents, he would interfere and see that our Representative Man is allowed the credit and the reward of the triumph he achieved, though it was violently denied him. To be sure, he is an Irishman; but, what of that? Doth not the chief weight of this glorious Union rest on the shoulders of our adopted fellow-citizens from the Emerald Isle? Where would the Democratic party be were it not for the services of those children of our adoption, who "vote early and vote often" in the cause of the land of their chosen affections? Certainly, Mr. Dallas could raise no such objection.

And *apropos* to prize-fighting, did I ever tell you a story of how one of our countrymen fared, who tried, years ago, to humble the fistic pride of the British lion? Perhaps I have, and perhaps I haven't; but, at any rate, it will do to fill up my column, and is good enough to bear telling twice, and is as true as it is good. About forty years ago there was a medical student in the schools of your city from Kentucky—a Southern Sawbones of the period. He was a gigantic young fellow, and "a proper fellow of his hands" withal, who had improved his natural gifts by the best instruction in the Noble Science of Self-Defence that the New York of that mediæval period could afford. After finishing his Scientific education in your city—which taught him to heal the wounds he might make—he repaired to London to walk the hospitals there, the course medical training took in those days, which has since set in towards Paris. Arrived in London, his great soul longed for a set-to with a Britisher. He sighed to polish off a Cockney, and Fate soon provided the occasion—as she is pretty sure to do in such cases. Walking one day in a street full enough to afford spectators of his prowess, but not so crowded as to interfere with it, a man of middle size and unpretending appearance accidentally jostled him. "What do you mean by that?" demanded our friend. "I really beg your pardon," replied the other; "it was entirely accidental, I assure you." "I know better," persisted Young Kentucky, "you meant to insult me. You know you did!" "Nothing of the kind, upon my word," returned his placable antagonist; "it was a pure accident." "Come, come," insisted our champion, "you thought I'd stand it; but I won't. I'll teach you how to insult a gentleman, another time." "O, I see," rejoined John Bull, "you want a fight! Very well, come on then!" And he did come on; but he did not come off as well as he had hoped.

I see that this epic story cannot be compressed into one paragraph; so I will begin a fresh one, even as Homer himself sometimes pauses in the midst of a battle and adjourns it over to another book. A ring was formed around the combatants, which could always be secured in those Corinthian days, when Tom and Jerry flourished in the streets as well as on the stage. The Kentuckian looked down on his antagonist, something as big Goliath might have done on little David, and saw himself victorious before he begun the fight. But when he had begun it, things didn't go exactly as he had reckoned they would. Though so much heavier and longer-armed, he found he couldn't plant a single *lick* on the well-guarded corporation of his adversary, while the adversary made his own bunch of fives play very unpleasant tricks with his mug and breadbasket. After awhile, the Englishman, probably thinking it time to end the combat, gave our valiant compatriot a finishing blow—which, for want of a better term, we will call "*a sockdologer*"—which knocked him off his pins and about twenty feet into the kennel, or, as we say, the gutter. As our worsted hero lay thus doubled-up and disconsolate, his conqueror hastened to help him up, at the same time affectionately inquiring whether "he would like any more?" Our crestfallen countryman assured him that he had had quite enough, and was limping off, when his good-natured enemy patted him on the shoulder, and said, encouragingly, "Come, come, my lad, don't be down-hearted. You really sparred very prettily for a youngster. Come to my rooms some morning, and we'll have a bout with the gloves. *My name is* JOHN GULLY!" As it is barely possible that some of your readers may be plunged in such heathen darkness as not to know who John Gully was, it is enough to say that he was the Champion of England, one of the illustrious predecessors of Tom Sayers, a prize-fighter of immortal renown. If it be sad, as the poet Leyden says it is, "for Scottish maid to sing the combat where her lover fell," and that Scottish bard "should wake the string the triumph of his foes to tell," you may imagine the emotions with which I put on the imperishable record of your pages this defeat of the voluntary champion of our country's honor. But, at any rate, he found a foeman worthy of his fist, and, if discomfited, he was not dishonored. John Gully afterwards acquired a large fortune—on the turf, I believe—and was a Member of Parliament when he died. I remember there was a row made, twenty odd years ago, because Sir Robert Peel presented him to Her Majesty at a levee. But, I imagine, he could not well have refused to do so by an honorable member, if he had wished to. It would not do to inquire too curiously into the antecedents of all M. P.s, any more than of all M. C.s.

Even the most cantankerous and cross-grained of the dispraisers of the Noble Art of Self-Defence must allow that these prize fights teach incidentally a good lesson. And that is in the Training by which the combatants are prepared for the doings and the sufferings of the Ring. This consists merely in subjecting them to such a course of temperance in the use of well-chosen meats and drinks, regular exercise of all the muscles of the body, careful grooming and bathing, and good physiological habits generally, as shall bring them up to the highest point of health and vigor. In consequence of this good condition, they recover almost immediately from the frightful bruises and wounds they receive in their encounters, just as a healthy animal soon gets well of any injury, not fatal, that may befall it. As there is no necessary connection between health and pugilism, or strength and pummelling, a leaf might be profitably taken out of the boxer's book, and this part of their experience judiciously and profitably imitated. I am afraid as much cannot be said of the other prize fight which is at this present writing going forward at Charleston for the Presidential Belt. I doubt whether any edifying lessons could be drawn from the training, any more than from the doings in the Ring, of those bullies. Before this letter is printed, you will know the result of that preliminary struggle for the choice of the Champion of that side, in the great battle to be joined next autumn. So it is not worth while to risk my reputation for infallibility by prophesying what it will be; only, of course, it will be what the Slavocracy dictate—for that is not prophecy, but history—whatever its shape may happen to be. It is a little odd, as far as my observation goes, that there is much less interest taken in this Convention than in any former one that I remember. The prize fight entirely eclipsed it. The mass of the people seem to think it quite immaterial who the Charleston man may be. And, I suppose, it will not make much difference to most of them.

It is frightfully dry and dusty hereabouts. We have not had our allowance of rain this spring, by any means, and the rivers and wells are proportionably low. For dust, we have laid in a good provision against a rainy day, on what we call the Back Bay. As the Creator has not made land enough on this continent, and as he has not put what he has made in the right place, we have had to rectify his errors and do his work over again. We are filling up acres of flats, from the Public Garden (that is one day to be) at the foot of the Common towards the country. A temporary railway is laid in connection with the Worcester Railway, and the work of bringing in land from the country, where it is plenty, and putting it into the water, where it is wanted, goes on, night and day, without cessation. Fine houses are now erecting on this new creation, and many more will go up this summer. It will be the fashionable quarter, without doubt, within ten years. In the meantime it supplies the city with dust in the most liberal manner. The State, which is doing the work, certainly cannot be accused of refusing to "come down with its dust." A rainy season, therefore, would be the finest weather we could see, just now. Next week, however, we shall be sure of plenty. The Anniversary Week is sure to raise the waters, or to bring them down. There never was a hydrostatic engine to match it. Then the supply will be abundant, but we should like to discount a little of it, this week, in advance. D. Y.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, May 1, 1860.

IT is a good rule to say the best thing you can of a person or a party; and before I allude to the singular speech of Mr. Corwin in the House last week, let me notice, and for the purpose of hearty commendation, the two speeches of Messrs. Bingham and Tompkins of Ohio. They were radical and bold in their character, Bingham's in ability almost unequalled. This paragraph from Tompkins's speech will give you an idea of the stuff the man is made of. To the South he says:

"Before you complain of us, go home and seize and hang the pirates who are hovering around your shores engaged in the slave trade. You may say a jury will not convict them. Why not? Because the community sustains them in their unholy traffic and in their violation of the laws. But if you really desired to punish those men, you could easily devise the ways and means—a whipping on the bare back with a raw-hide, a coat of tar and feathers, or some other corrective that you are in the habit of using. I would not advise these punishments in a free State; they would not be practicable; but in States where such things are in constant use, it is rather surprising that some person has not thought of thus applying them. Men who commit acts declared by the whole civilized world to be piracy, you permit to escape, while you say you will hang the man who circulates Helper's book. Before you complain of the free States, arrest and punish the scoundrels who so cruelly treated the Irishman at Columbia, South Carolina, for no offence but saying that slavery was detrimental to free labor.

"Take from place and power the men whose hands and faces are reeking and smoking with the blood of our people in Kansas, and put them to death. Punish the thousands of others who have committed acts of violence against free State men and are yet unwhipped of justice. These things you must do before you complain of us. I take no pleasure in these criminations and recriminations. I know that all the States are a part of my country; but when I hear of the wrongs and outrages perpetrated on men merely because they will not subscribe to the doctrines you hold, and hear you complain of us for not doing our duty as citizens, I will let you know that you, too, 'are made of penetrable stuff.' I have

'Learned to deride your fierce decree,
And break you on the wheel you meant for me.'"

All we want is more of this PLUCK, and slavery is doomed. Mr. Douglas instructed his delegates to keep their pluck up, and show fight to the last, and the slaveholders would back down! I know this to be a fact. But the question is, could men trained in the Democratic party *show pluck?*

Mr. Corwin's speech to which I have alluded was two hours in length, and might aptly be termed "A Republican Apology for the Fugitive Slave law." It was a broad and bold defence of negro-catching, and upon the most offensive grounds. He said:

"That the Constitution did in some way provide for the recapture of runaway slaves he thought none would deny. Now, what would they gain by having a written constitution if they did not abide by the fundamental principles of that constitution? The fathers of the republic, as they called the old men who bequeathed to them the constitution, knowing how uncertain a thing would be a traditionary constitution, determined that the instrument which secured to the people the rights of free men should be written down, and printed, and transmitted to them as the embodiment of the principles of their organic law. That was the great idea. They secured it against the changes which the great charter of the English constitution suffered during the reigns of the Henrys and Edwards, the Plantagenets, the Tudors and the Stuarts. They knew that the traditionary constitution of England changed with every fresh reign, just as the will of the monarch desired; therefore it was that they determined that the constitution they had formed, and which they bequeathed to us, should be fixed and stable, and remain so forever. When a change becomes necessary, the constitution itself provides how that change should be effected. The men who framed the constitution enacted the law known as the act of 1793, and under that law, and under that constitution, they had lived and prospered for fifty or sixty years. For his own part, he humbled himself before these old men, the fathers of the republic, and acknowledged that they knew better than he did what was necessary for the future government of a great country. And what did they say? They said that if a man owing labor and service to another should escape from the State where such labor or service was due, he should be returned to his master, according to the law of the State from whence he fled. The words are: 'That he shall be returned and delivered up.' Now, he thought that the provisions of the constitution were all sufficient to meet the wants and demands of Southern gentlemen, without any amendment of the act of 1793, by the enactment of the Fugitive Slave law of 1850. For his own part, if he owned slaves, and they escaped from him into another State, he would ask no other law than that of 1793 in his hands to follow his slaves into any other State of the Union and demand their rendition. Everybody knew that by a 'man owing labor and service to another' he meant in fact a slave. If that slave fled from Virginia into Ohio, his master could follow him, lay hold of him, and, under the constitution, demand that he be delivered unto him, and none would be found to dispute his right. The constitution to this extent recognizes the man owing service and labor as property—qualified property."

And again:

"Mr. CARTER (Rep.) of N. Y.—Do I understand the gentleman to say that a master can lay hold of a black man whom he calls his slave? Can he lay hold of him in Ohio and take him off with him solely on the ground that the slave is his property?

Mr. CORWIN—If he had time to write in his own office an answer to the question, he would answer him at once in the affirmative; but he answered now with this qualification—That the master could do so, and was entitled to retake his slave, because the constitution says that the man who escapes, owing labor and service to another, shall, on being recaptured, be delivered up, and the master shall take him back to the place from whence he fled.

Mr. CARTER asked, if a slave was brought into a free State by his master, and that he there made his escape, would he be subject to the same law, and liable to be recaptured and delivered up to his master?

Mr. CORWIN—No, sir. He understood the gentleman to ask him whether, if a master took his slave voluntarily from Kentucky to Ohio, that then he would be as much a slave as before, and subject to the same law of rendition. In that case, he answered, no. When he spoke of the slave as property, he meant qualified property, as described in the constitution—a man who owed service and labor to another."

Here is a prominent, leading Republican member of Congress, and in certain respects a representative man, admitting that the Constitution recognizes slavery, *and slaves as property!* How much farther did Mr. Calhoun go? Mr. Corwin, to be sure, does declare *the power* of Congress to legislate so as to keep slavery out of new territories; but he certainly intimated, in his first great speech in the House this winter, that, in his opinion, slavery would go *wherever it would pay.* "Make a note of" these signs of the times. The Northern Democracy making a fight against the Slave Power at Charleston—and a leading Republican acknowledging that the Constitution recognizes slaves *as property!*

The case of Mr. Hyatt is not entirely overlooked here, and a test vote in House or Senate would show a decided gain for the cause of human rights. Senator Mason, I presume, heartily wishes that he had not caught such a witness, for he does not know how to get rid of him. But the pride of pretended consistency is so strong a passion that the present Senate will not retrace its steps in this matter. It seems to me that the Republican Senators who voted to sustain the Investigating Committee have not received an impartial consideration from those who believe the Senate does not possess the power to imprison. The question as to *this power* is not connected with the slavery question; and in voting to sustain the use of it, no Republican voted to please the South, for one of the most violent of the Fire-Eaters, Senator Toombs, voted steadily against the resolution to commit the witness. It is a legal question, and heretofore this right of a branch of Congress to compel the evidence of witnesses was never denied. Two years ago the House put a man in jail for refusing to testify, and in all cases of contested elections, from the foundation of the government to this time, the House and Senate have *compelled* testimony to be given. At this very time the House is searching into the rascalities of the Administration through the use of this power. It is very evident, then, that it is unfair to set a man down as pro-slavery, or pandering to the slave interest, simply because he believes in the exercise of this power, for it can be and will be used against slavery as it is now attempted to use it against freedom. The Mason Committee have done more for the Republicans in the John Brown matter than they could possibly have done for themselves.

I am opposed to this whole business, simply because I think it endangers the rights of the citizen, and I hope to see the day when no attempt will be made to exercise the doubtful prerogative. If Congress cannot exist without its exercise, then let it "slide," as Mr. Banks said of the Union. I will, however, cheerfully admit that some of the best anti-slavery men in Congress defend its exercise. AVON.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.—I.

MILAN, April 6, 1860.

HERE, in April, 1860, I take up my pen to fulfil the promise made in April, 1859, of an occasional correspondence for your invaluable paper. I say invaluable, for to me it is so when it arrives, after being well thumbed by my friends in England, to whom you address it. It brings me tidings of the great, restless, life-teeming world beyond the ocean. How, in the midst of our own shifting politics, we listened breathlessly for the tidings of old John Brown, trembling ever, but hoping to the last, you who know our feelings on the subject of slavery can well imagine; and when the fact that Americans had voluntarily created for themselves a SECOND OF DECEMBER (which crime-stained date pales the brightness of your FOURTH OF JULY) became patent to all, and those who had scoffed at our trust in "slave-dealers" triumphed in our trust betrayed, we felt as if our hope in humanity had grown fainter and feebler, and, here in this land of martyrdom, asked ourselves how we could blame the tyrants of Austria, of Naples and of Rome for the murder of a Sclesa and a Bentinegra, or even for the massacres of Perugia, when the fellow-citizens of Washington had murdered old John Brown! True it is that liberty's blade cuts never so keenly as when sharpened on the tombstone of a martyr; and while from the soil watered by the blood of our martyrs will spring, in due time, liberty for the Italians, so, surely, from the soil of North Elba, fertilized by the ashes of John Brown, will spring in the future, liberty for the slave. Nevertheless, it is painful for a lover of America to be compelled to enumerate in the same breath the names of Francis Joseph, Bomba, and Gov. Wise.

Viewed from afar, I suppose we seem making rapid strides in liberty. Would I could think so; but, on the contrary, it seems to me that we have but exchanged one tyrant for two, with this addition, that of the former tyrant Victor Emanuel, the present hope of Italy, was the open and inveterate foe, while of the present he is the chafing but powerless slave. The cession of Savoy and Nice is a proof of this. I have it on the best authority that the loss of Savoy has inflicted on the King the deepest wound he is capable of feeling. It is the cradle of his race, the hereditary possession transmitted from father to son for seven hundred years, and in valor, faithfulness and personal devotion no subjects can excel, if even any equal, the poor, but staunch, Savoyards. This act is suicidal to Piedmont, to say the least. Take the map of Italy; look at the formidable quadrilateral, the passes of the Stelvio leading from the Tyrol into Upper Lombardy, the passes of the Brenner Pontevo and the Julian Alps—in short, all the Alpine passes from the Canton of the Grisons to Trieste—all these are in the hands of Austria, who possesses also the districts of Gonzaga Sermide and San Benedetto on the *left* bank of the Po! These enable her on the left to occupy Bologna and Modena, on the right to march on Piacenza, thus fortifying her army in its march from Mantua to the Ticino, planting bridges over the Po at Cremona, without once departing from her basis of operation. But Austria, you say, is too feeble to recommence a war with France and Piedmont? It may be so; but what if the Emperor, whose policy is guided not by a principle, but by interests which may change from day to day, should leave Piedmont in the lurch? We know how Austria respects treaties; we know that, even reduced to extremities, Piedmont will never appeal to a popular revolution; attacked by Austria in the manner described above, she must abandon the provinces of Central Italy and concentrate all her forces in a strategical march on Piacenza. In case of defeat, of course she will lose all her newly-acquired territory, for which she has sacrificed the blood of her braves, and the impregnable fortresses and mountains of Savoy. What wonder, therefore, that Victor Emanuel hates Cavour with all the little force of his nature! But the wily statesman shrugs his shoulders, reminds the King that when he was hunting, shooting and fishing, the *family pact* of Plombières was made, which guaranteed Tuscany to Plon Plon, Savoy and Nice to the Emperor, and asks him where he would have been when the Austrians crossed the Ticino if the French had not poured down the Cenisio and disembarked in Genoa? So much for the interests of the dynasty, but the question is pregnant with new ills to Italy. For seven centuries the keys of a portion of the Alps at least have been Italian, and the French, if we except the miraculous entrance of Napoleon in 1796, have never been able to enter Italy save by the permission of the sovereigns of Savoy. Now all is changed. Savoy, i. e. the key of those Alps, is in the hands of France and Nice—Italian Nice; Nice so splendidly defended by Caterina Sigurano against Francis I.; Nice, the birthplace of Garibaldi, the burial-place of his family, whose ashes for generations have been carried to the cemetery planted where the ancient chateau stood; Nice is sold to France, and the murderers of Rome have already dyed their hands in the blood of the indignant and betrayed inhabitants. I don't know what the English and American papers say of this infamous traffic; Europe is to-day so terror-stricken, so paralyzed with fear that I hope for no act of prowess or for noble deed; but to me the mute, despairing anguish of the Savoyards, for whom the dynasty of Piedmont is their idol and their pride, and the indignant protestations of the Nicois, who, in this late war, gave Garibaldi and 900 volunteers to bleed and die for Italian liberty, are facts eloquent with present infamy and with future retribution. I do not blame the Emperor; he plays his game; he toils for the seeming interests of his dynasty and of France. I blame the personally ambitious, the un-Italian Cavour; I blame the good-hearted, but indolent, King of Piedmont; I blame the free Italians, who, in the intoxication of momentary freedom from the Austrians, look coldly on the appealing inhabitants of Nice and of Savoy, repeating ever Cain's reply, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Will Garibaldi break this ominous, repulsive silence? Can he keep the oath just taken to the King who has sold his home, his birthplace and his mother's grave? I cannot tell. I know he writhes in silence; I know that, time ago, he vowed to break his sword in the presence of the King if Nice were sold; but the new passage of the Cattolica, his resignation, his submission to Sir James Hudson's insolence, and to Cavour's overbearing, proves that if none can equal him in physical courage, he is wanting to himself and to his country in the courage of a citizen. Still, we will wait. He has taken his place in Parliament; he knows that he can count on large support if he initiate a protest. We will wait before we judge him, and, waiting, hope. Before the war, a veteran patriot, warning his friends and followers of its results, received for all reply, "Let us drive out the Austrians, if we exchange them for the devil." "My friends," he said, "Venice will remain enslaved; you will have Austria and the devil into the bargain!" The papers will have given you the names of the deputies elected to the Parliament of Turin; in another letter I shall sketch for you the most remarkable profiles. Our triumph, our victory, is the election of Cattaneo. Cattaneo, the republican Cattaneo, the leader of the five days of Milan, the historian, the awful truthteller of the Lombard war of '48, the most powerful intellect that Italy can boast, Cattaneo whom Cavour prophesied would be hooted and stoned through the streets of Milan, is elected in Cremona, Bergamo, and, better than all, in Milan itself, almost unanimously. This election has cost somewhat dear to his friends, for Cavour left no stone unturned to prevent it. Violating the Constitution, he dissolved the Democratic Circolo, whose only crime was that of facilitating the election of Cattaneo. Four of its members are at this moment in prison—Dr. Faldi, accused of harboring in his house Alberto Mario (which individual, like S. Antonio, who preached at Padua and Lisbon at the same time, certainly possesses the gift of ubiquity, as on the same day he received, at the instigation of Cavour, an order of banishment from the Swiss Session, as editor of *Pensiero ed Azione*); Taffaroni, of having spoken disrespectfully of the Civic Guard; and Parrioi and Carrara, on account of their past conduct! They were arrested before the elections, but are still kept in prison, for decency's sake, I presume. Not only this; Gustave Modena, the famous tragedian, has written a little comic pamphlet, of which, at some future time, I will send you some extracts; under the names of *Istrice* (the porcupine) and l'Tuconnuato (the unknown), he personifies Cattaneo, whom he designates "*mathematical* truth," and Mazzini "*the poetry of truth*," and suggests that it would go better with Italy if her youth listened to their teachings. For this heresy, the pamphlet is seized and an action commenced against the publishers, and Brusco Onnis, a PIEDMONTESE CITIZEN, who merely consigned the MS. to the printer, banished from terra firma within twenty-four hours. "I protest," said Brusco, "against this violation of the law." "*Protest, but march!*" was the cool reply. This cloud is small as a man's hand, but it is pregnant with disastrous results. "What," say the Milanese, "is this the policy of Cavour?" Republican as I am, I regret from my heart anything tending to disunite Italians; we have every day greater need of unity. Storms are at hand, and nearer than most people think. Italy cannot remain as she is, with the Romans raging and 60,000 Venitians, like Wandering Jews, over the land. Either you will see the last Austrian hurled headlong from the Italian Alps or masters again of Lombardy. If a generous, courageous minister were at the head of affairs in Piedmont, one who would second instead of thwarting the people's anxiety to arm, I should not even suggest the latter as a possible alternative, as it is impotent, unarmed and lulled to a fatal belief in our security. I cannot face the future without apprehension. But not only may we look for war in Italy—*the campaign of the Rhine is decided on by the Emperor. Lord John Russell knows it. He received the unofficial news on the evening of his famous and menacing reply to Horsmore.* This I can give as certain. And it is pretty certain also that England is seeking to form a coalition against the Emperor. Some say Russia will join. I doubt it. Some say Austria. If so, I wish her well out of Italy before England joins hands with her. Of Prussia and Switzerland, there is greater probability, as the Swiss, in their quiet way, are furious about the cession of Savoy, and nearly all the Cantons urge the Federal Government to an armed protest; and Prussia, seeing her neighbor's house on fire, naturally looks out for her own.

"Qui vivra verra," as the Italians say.

BREVITIES.

James Redpath has been to Washington lately, on a visit to Mr. Hyatt. The correspondent of *The Tribune* says it is more than probable that Mr. R. would have remained in that delectable residence, the Washington jail, for a time longer if Sergeant-at-Arms McNair of the Senate had known of his whereabouts.

Parker Pillsbury, addressing an anti-slavery meeting at Worcester, Mass., recently, said: "Some one said today that this meeting is small. An anti-slavery meeting is never small to me; it is the representative of truth, and cannot be small. Anti-slavery is not counted, but weighed. Of any hundred men, let me make sure of ten, whom I could select, and I am sure of the other ninety."

Mr. Dallas, the American Minister at London, having refused a passport to Frederick Douglass, who wished to visit Paris, the latter obtained the necessary permission from the French Consul at Newcastle. In what a disgraceful attitude is this country placed, in the eye of Europeans, by such incidents as this!

An election was held in New Bedford (Mass.) recently for the choice of a member of the Common Council in the Fourth Ward. The principal candidates were Morril Robinson, Jr., and Thomas Bayne—the latter a colored dentist. Mr. Robinson was elected over his negro opponent by just 7 majority!

The Ashtabula (O.) Sentinel, replying to the remark of the Cincinnati *Gazette* that Ohio could be carried for Judge McLean "with enthusiasm," says: "If any one supposes that laying an ice-berg upon the heart of the Republican party will excite to enthusiasm, the experiment cannot be tried more successfully than by nominating Judge McLean. As to his availability, there may be some States that he can carry; but we do not believe that Ohio is one of them."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE RIGHT WAY THE SAFE WAY; Proved by Emancipation in the British West Indies and Elsewhere. By L. MARIA CHILD. Pp. 95. New York: Sold at the Anti-Slavery Office, 5 Beekman street.

Those who know Mrs. Child will not need to be assured that the work she has undertaken in this pamphlet is conscientiously and thoroughly done. She demonstrates by irrefragible facts and incontrovertible logic the truth of her well-chosen title, "The Right Way the Safe Way," and leaves the slaveholders without excuse for continuing the bondage of their slaves one single hour. The declaration, so often made by slaveholders and their apologists, that emancipation has ruined the British West Indies, is here thoroughly refuted. The scope of the work will be seen from the titles of the chapters:

Chapt. I. The West Indies before the abolition of slavery.

Chapt. II. Antigua, after immediate, unconditional emancipation — Testimony of Planters, Magistrates, Teachers, Clergymen, Missionaries and Emancipated Slaves.

Chapt. III. The Windward Islands during the Apprenticeship—Testimony of Planters, &c., &c.

Chapt. IV. Testimony concerning the West Indies from 1840 to 1859.

Chapt. V. Jamaica.

We wish it were in our power to make every friend of the slave realize the good that might be done by the circulation of this work among those who are ignorant of the truth it contains. If those members of the Republican party who really desire to see the North converted to anti-slavery views would spend a quarter as much in circulating such works as this as they contribute to keep up the machinery of their party, that end might be speedily attained.

ISAAC T. HOPPER. A True Life. By L. MARIA CHILD. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

It is eight years since Isaac T. Hopper died, and yet his memory is "fresh as yesterday" in the hearts of all who knew him. We are glad to see that Mrs. Child's admirable memoir of the noble old man still finds a ready sale, and that the publisher has promptly met the demand for a new edition.

THE LEMMON CASE.—The opinion of Judge Denio in this case will be found on the first page. Judge Denio is the only Democrat on the bench of the Court of Appeals who was in favor of affirming the judgment of the Court below. The opinion of Justice Wright (a Republican), in which Judges Davies, Bacon and Welles concurred, is identical in its result with that of Judge Denio, while it considers more fully some of the points raised and bases its conclusions upon somewhat broader grounds. We did not see this until after the opinion of Judge Denio was in type, otherwise we should probably have preferred to print it rather than the other.

That the Supreme Court of the United States will reverse the judgment of the State Court and sanction the slaveholders' claim of a right to protection for their slaves in passing through the State, we have no doubt. Then New York will have to decide upon submission or resistance to this new decree of the Slave Power.

THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION.—This body is still in session (we write on Wednesday evening), not having yet succeeded in making a nomination for President. A majority having voted down the extreme Southern platform, declaring it to be the duty of the government to protect property in slaves in the Territories, and adopted one of a somewhat milder type in deference to Northern Democratic sentiment, the delegates from seven States, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, Arkansas and South Carolina, withdrew and organized a separate Convention. The delegates remaining thereupon balloted seven or eight times for a Presidential candidate, the vote for Douglas sticking at 150, considerably less than the requisite two-thirds. It seems probable, as we write, that the Southern secession will have the effect of killing off Douglas, and that the "happy family" will be brought together again in support of some other man. We shall see.

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR," &c.—We were mistaken in saying, as we did a few weeks since, that Mr. Sedgwick was the only man who had ever made "respectful mention of Garrison" on the floor of Congress. A friend has called our attention to a passage in the speech of Gerrit Smith on the Nebraska bill (see the volume of his Speeches, p. 196), in which he speaks of "Garrison, Phillips, Goodell and Douglass" in commendatory terms. We take pleasure in acknowledging our error, more especially as, in so doing, we have opportunity to honor the courage of Mr. Smith. It is true, however, that Mr. Sedgwick is the first man who, on the floor of Congress, has distinctly recognized Garrison's historic relation to the Anti-Slavery Movement as its founder and pioneer.

FREE SPEECH TRIUMPHANT.—We congratulate the friends of Free Speech everywhere upon the re-election of Mr. Henry as Mayor of Philadelphia. His course last winter in defending the right of Abolitionists to utter their sentiments chagrined and maddened the deluded servitors of the Slave Power, who bent all their energies to the work of defeating him in the election held on Tuesday. The issue was directly between Freedom of Speech on the one hand and the Rule of the Mob on the other; and gloriously has the right triumphed. Let us hope that the day of pro-slavery mobs is forever passed in Philadelphia.

BOSTON ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE.—We learn that the office of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society is to be removed this week from its old quarters in Cornhill—where it has been established, first at No. 25, and afterwards at No. 21, for a period of some twenty-four years—to a new and much more commodious room at No. 221 Washington street, directly opposite the head of Franklin street. The printing-office of *The Liberator*, also, will be removed to a room in the same building.

All communications for the Boston Anti-Slavery office, or for *The Liberator*, should therefore be addressed hereafter to *No. 221 Washington Street*, Boston.

THE REV. DANIEL WORTH is said to be suffering very much from his confinement, and not likely to live long, unless released from his prison-house. He has many friends in North Carolina, but the terrorism that reigns there now makes it impossible for them to aid him. He is likely to fall a martyr to the cause of freedom. If the Churches of the North were not sold to the Devil, they would shake the nation with their denunciations of his imprisonment.

DR. CHEEVER'S NEW WORK.—We have received from John P. Jewett & Co., Boston, through Messrs. Phinney, Blakeman and Mason, of this city (who have it for sale), a copy of Dr. Cheever's lately published work, "The Guilt of Slavery and the Crime of Slaveholding."

THEODORE PARKER was to leave Rome for Switzerland on the 20th April. He expects to be at home in September.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM STILL.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IN the proceedings of my trial, published in the morning papers of the 23d instant, in several important particulars I am so unjustly represented that I feel compelled, by a sense of duty to my family and myself, to reply to some of the more serious imputations, that it may be seen whether I am guilty as charged, in certain particulars at least.

My pleading "guilty" on Wednesday, as I was instructed by my counsel to do, was simply an acknowledgment of having written the alleged "libellous letter," not of "issuing a scandalous and malicious libel." Had I understood that, in the eye of the Court, I should be so considered, never could I have pleaded guilty. Truth would have forbidden it; as I know I had no malice against Mrs. Wells, nor the most distant idea of injuring her when I penned that private letter in a hurried moment, on what I honestly believed to be incontestible evidence, to be read by a single individual only. Very carefully had I avoided injuring Mrs. W. in this city or any other place.

Now, with regard to the "disclosures," &c. It was said, "The Anti-Slavery Society did not give one dollar to assist Mrs. Wells, but, after boarding her at Still's house, at the rate of $7 per week for her and her little boy, they recommended others to give."

True, "the Anti-Slavery Society did not give one dollar." But anti-slavery men did. I am witness that one prominent anti-slavery man gave $15, and others gave also. As to the Anti-Slavery Society, however, it knew no more of her being in the city, and had no more to do with "boarding her at Still's house," than the City Council of Philadelphia. Except the Secretary of the Society, not a single member of the Executive Committee saw or heard of her that I am aware of while stopping at my house. Hence it is not true that they either "boarded her at Still's house," or "recommended her to others," &c.

Herself and boy, a lad of 14 years of age, I should judge, boarded at my house between one and two weeks, and were charged 50 cts. per day each, not a farthing more. Why I could not afford to charge them less I clearly explained to Mrs. W. when she offered to settle; but as I have been injured I crave that the public may see precisely what my apology was, which was this: A few days previous to Mrs. Wells coming to my house, at the Western Hotel on Market street, above 6th, where I happened to have business one day, my attention was called by Mr. Samuel H. Barrott (the barber) to the case of a very sad mother with her daughter, who had the day previous been brought to this city, by a white family from Georgia, where the mother and her daughter had been emancipated and compelled to come away at the expense of leaving her husband and father behind in bondage. The white people who brought her on had gone to New York, leaving her at the hotel, unacquainted with a living soul in this city. Hearing her story, as requested by Mr. Barrott, and learning that the mother had but $15 for their entire dependence, naturally enough, in view of their sorrowful condition, as Mr. B. and herself will bear me witness, I voluntarily proffered them a home at my house, free of charge, till some other arrangement could be made for them. They accepted my offer, and were there all the time Mrs. W. was with us; indeed, nearly three weeks passed ere they left, without paying one cent. "Further," said I, "situated as I am, my house especially is liable to be favored with non-paying boarders—burthening us to an extent beyond our means to afford."

The papers said, "With white people she was generally free (of board), while with people of her own color it was usual to charge her one half." I will simply say, in answer to this implication, that it is not common in this city for colored people from the South, who are in distress, to "stop with white people." Fearless of successful contradiction, I will affirm that, during the twelve years that I have been in the Anti-Slavery Office, not one such person in a hundred has stopped with white people! Not that white people would not take them—not because they do not generously furnish means to aid the oppressed—do I thus affirm, but simply because it is an undeniable fact, pertinent to make clear a point that otherwise might be left in obscurity.

Again it was said, "The Anti-Slavery Society would have the proud satisfaction of knowing that, through their accredited agent, two children were left in bondage, and likely to remain there the balance of their lives. The purchase money was to have been paid on the 18th of January, but this letter put a stop to the collection." As well might the Anti-Slavery Society be charged by the papers with favoring the Fugitive Slave law as to be charged with this crime. Suffice it to say, conscientiously, I cannot possibly believe, for one moment, that any slave child will ever draw one breath longer in slavery than if I had never penned that letter. WM. STILL.

Philadelphia, April 30, 1860.

A friend in Philadelphia writes: "The universal feeling here is in Mr. Still's favor. The Judge on Saturday reconsidered his judgment in the case and remitted the remainder of the term of imprisonment." That he has friends among those of his own color where he is best known is evident from the following notice copied from the Philadelphia journals:

PUBLIC MEETING OF SYMPATHY WITH WM. STILL!—The friends of Wm. Still, and the public, are invited to meet at the Israel Church, corner of Fifth and Gaskill streets, on Wednesday evening next, May the 2d, at 7 1/2 o'clock, in order to give a proper and public expression of sympathy to Mr. Still, for the recent persecution to which he has been subjected for conscientiously discharging his duty; and to give him satisfactory assurance of the unshaken confidence reposed in him by the friends of humanity, and particularly the unabated respect of his colored brethren.

Jonathan C. Gibbs,
Stephen Smith,
Walter Proctor,
Jacob C. White, Sr.,
Daniel George,
George Potter,
Samuel H. Barrott,
Maurice Hall,
Benjamin Hill,
Wm. Wells Brown,
Charles H. Bustill,
Joshua Brown,
Clayton Miller,
N. W. Depee,
Moses Wheeler,
James Clay,
W. S. Warton,
Jacob Farbeaux,
Henry Jones,
Henry Minton,
Isaiah Hawkinson,
Charles Simpson,
Robert Adger,
Joel Ware,
Henry Gordon,
Morris Brown,
James M. Bustill,
Peter Gardner,
John Brown.

Summary.

John Brown's Biography is to be shortly reprinted by Thickbroom & Stapleton, of London. The reprint will be copyrighted, and the work published for the benefit of the widow and family of "Old Brown."

ATTEMPTED SALE OF FREE NEGROES—*Norfolk, Friday, April 27, 1860.*—In the United States District Court, yesterday, in the case of Capt. Braley and the mate of the British schooner Alice Rogers, for attempting to sell free negroes, the Jury was unable to agree. The vessel has been forfeited, and the cargo released to the owners.

AN OUTRAGE.—The junior proprietor of a daily paper in Boston, residing in the suburbs, was "outraged" on Sunday week by the sexton of his church, who seated in his pew a young lady who does not belong to Caleb Cushing's "consummate white race." The young editor, with his family, immediately withdrew. Imagine their surprise and shame on learning that the young lady was the daughter of a rich Cuban planter and a—slaveholder!

A Democratic orator, addressing a meeting of his party in Philadelphia lately exclaimed—

"If any one dares to come into my neighborhood and preach such treason as that of G. W. Curtis and Wendell Phillips, by the everliving God he shall never leave the place alive!"

Such is the spirit, such the love of free thought and free speech, which animates the great mass of the slavery-extending party.

The compass which was used by Roger Williams in his journey when banished from Massachusetts is in the possession of Mrs. Harriet Brown, of Providence. It is made of brass, nearly three inches in diameter, containing the needle, and a card exhibiting the points of the compass. On the top is fastened a small sun-dial. With this Williams directed his steps through the wilderness and snows of winter in 1637, suffering from the intense cold and constant hunger. The little relic has been remarkably well preserved, and was used in a survey, last week, of the burial-ground of the Williams family.

A DOUGHFACE'S MIRROR.—The meaning of the cry of Disunion at the South is well illustrated in the following little extract from the speech of Mr. Wigfall, of Texas. We specially commend the last few lines to the members of the "Constitutional Union party."

"These Northern people, of all parties, are a mean, despicable set of starvelings, unable to see beyond a dollar, and caring for no consideration except money. Threaten them, and they will crouch at your feet like so many hounds. Only swear that you are going to dissolve the Union, and the timid creatures will get down on all fours, bite the dust and kiss the rod raised to chasten them."

A GEORGIA CHURCH.—O. P. Baldwin, editor of the Richmond *Dispatch*, has been lecturing in Augusta, Ga., and in a letter dated April 6th we find the following paragraph:

"Speaking of churches, there is an African Baptist church here which owns its minister. What do you think of that? They bought him of his former owner, and he is held in their behalf by a gentleman of this city. They give their spiritual servant a thousand dollars a year, which is a good deal more than some white preachers receive. The Methodist Church is said to be one of the largest, if not the largest, in numbers in Georgia. It has its full proportion of the wealth and refinement of the State."

Mr. Sylvester Judd died at Northampton, Mass., on Tuesday, the 17th inst., aged 72 years—a much esteemed and venerable citizen, learned and skilled particularly in historical and antiquarian researches. He was the father of Rev. Sylvester Judd, of Augusta, Me., an eminent Unitarian minister and scholar, who died in 1853, aged 39—author of "Margaret," a New England tale; of "Philo," a poem in blank verse; of "Richard Edney," a tale; and of various published discourses.

THE JOHN BROWN FUND.—We have seen two West India merchants, who have just arrived from Hayti. One of them, who is an accomplished and educated gentleman and a cousin of President Geffrard, informs me that when he left Port au-Prince, two weeks ago, the contributions of coffee for the benefit of John Brown's family amounted to about 2 000 bags of 120 pounds each, and it was the general opinion that another thousand bags would be added, as everybody regarded it both a duty and a privilege to contribute. As these bags are worth from $12 to $14 each, it is probable that the Republic of Hayti will add to the John Brown fund from $30,000 to $40 000.—*Tribune.*

EFFEMINACY RUN TO SEED.—The Norfolk (Va.) *Patriot* of the 25th ult. has the following: Few who have visited Richmond, Va., within the past ten or twelve years are entirely unfamiliar with Thomas Linton, of that city, whose remarkably feminine appearance and effeminate habits attracted the attention of all who saw him, and created doubts in the minds of many as to his sex. So successfully did Linton ape the coquettish manners of a woman of the world that he even imposed upon the penetration of Mr. Martin Lipscomb, City Sergeant of Richmond, and Warden of the Jail, who offered his hand in marriage, was accepted, and upon the refusal of Tom to realize his plighted faith, actually commenced a suit against her (him) for a breach of promise of marriage, the conclusion of which, reasonably enough, subjected the confiding City Sergeant to considerable ridicule. Gradually Tom lost his daintiness of appearance and of manner, and a few days ago was taken before the Mayor of Richmond for having been found beastly drunk, and sent to jail. A correspondent of the Petersburg *Express* says: "A few years ago, Linton was an intelligent, handsome, refined young man—now he is a confirmed sot—bloated to Falstaffian proportions—and presents a loathsome appearance."

"GOOD 'NUFF COUNTRY FOR US!"—Rev. John Orcutt lectured before the colored men of Cincinnati on his plan for colonizing the blacks in Liberia, the other evening, and the African brethren thanked the Rev. Gentleman for his lecture, but

Resolved, That while we feel none but the most friendly sentiments toward the people of Liberia, and hope their Republic may realize the most sanguine hopes of its friends, we yet feel assured that the American negro has an American destiny; and we cannot regard as friends those who seek to induce us to leave a continent upon which, for two centuries, our race has done its part in the great work of civilization, earning, by its labors and sufferings, a birthright which we have resolved never to relinquish.

Resolved, That we say this not defiantly, but firmly. Knowing the immense odds of numbers, wealth and intelligence arrayed against us, we do not expect an immediate recognition of our rights; but feeling assured that the God who brought Israel out of Egypt, with a strong hand and an outstretched arm, is with us, we accept the martyrdom of the present, and are content to bide our time.

INTERESTING.—On Sabbath afternoon, 30th of March, Joseph A. Dugdale of Longwood, visited the Sabbath School of the Methodist Episcopal Church of West Chester, and received a cordial welcome. The church edifice was opened; and when the School entered in regular procession from the basement, they found a crowded audience had already convened to participate in the ceremonies. As soon as the children were comfortably seated, "Uncle Joseph," who had occupied a back seat during the entrance of the children, walked leisurely up the aisle, in company with Rev. Mr. McCarter, and took his seat on the platform. Instantly breathless silence prevailed among the children, all of whom had heard of, but not all had before seen "Uncle Joseph." The services opened with singing by the choir, by the school and a fervent prayer to the Throne of Grace by Mr. Dugdale. After prayer and a hymn, Mr. Dugdale spoke to the children for a full hour and a half; prettily illustrating prominent points of Christian superiority. It was a long time to talk to children, but they were as quiet, patient and attentive, as though it were but ten minutes; and when he was done, they were eager for more. At the close of the services, Mr. Dugdale expressed a strong inclination to shake each one by the hand; he came down from the rostrum for that purpose, when the children, the smallest in the lead, filed past and extended their little hands. After the school had passed into the rooms below, and were about to leave, Mr. Dugdale made his appearance in the Infant School, and was greeted with hearty singing, and had to shake hands with them a second time. Everything passed off very pleasantly.—*Jeffersonian.*

AN OLD WOMAN.—A writer in *The Friends' Intelligencer* furnishes an account of the death, on the first day of April, of Rachel Connor, a colored woman of Bensalem township, Pa., at a very advanced age. The correspondent says: She was formerly a slave in the State of Maryland. I examined her "freedom papers," and, although somewhat mouse-eaten, I could decipher that she was manumitted on "the 13th of January, 1801," and, after giving her size, color and marks, it states, that "she will be 50 years old in January next." If, then, she was 56 years old in the 1st month, 1805, she must have been fully one hundred and eleven years and two months old at the time of her death, which occurred (as above stated) without much apparent suffering. She seemed desirous of endeavoring honestly to support herself, even since the commencement of her second century; accustomed to farm work, she gave that the preference, and only a few years ago she was seen "husking corn" in quite cold weather. For the last three or four years she was so nearly blind as to be unable to get about much; but she persevered in her habits of industry, and took in carpet rags to sew, at a small compensation, and she was dependent upon her neighbors, or passing children, to thread her needles. She seemed to have an abiding care to avoid talebearing, remarking, "I never carries nothin' 'bout but my own color." In many respects she was a good example to those who occupied a more conspicuous position in life.

DREAD OF CANNIBALISM.—A terrible murder, the result of an Indian superstition, is described as follows in the *Nor'wester*, published at the Selkirk settlement, in the Red river of the North:

"We have just received the following thrilling intelligence from the shores of Lake Winnipeg. In the beginning of February, two men were sent from Lower Fort Garry to the west side of the lake, on a fur expedition. In the vicinity of 'Jack Head,' they fell in with Mr. John Monkman, who informed them that he had visited 'Thick Foot's' camp, and there learned that 'Thick Foot's' brother had killed his grandson, a boy of ten or twelve years of age, being apprehensive that said boy was becoming a 'Windigoo.' We may inform our uninitiated readers that, according to an Indian tradition, if this youth had once tasted human flesh he would have become as impenetrable to lead or steel as ever Achilles was after emerging from the river Styx. It was to obviate so dire a calamity that the Indian patriarch, with all due solemnity and ceremony, perpetrated the tragic deed, by burying his axe in the skull of his grandchild! Not satisfied with crushing his head to atoms, his superstitious *furor* impelled him to cut up the remains and burn them to cinders, in order thoroughly to extinguish any latent vital spark which might, by any possibility, germinate into a 'Windigoo.' Tradition also taught that when anybody had fairly commenced eating human flesh, his heart became a solid mass of ice, and hence we are told, as a matter of great moment, that the young heart burned like every other heart, presenting no symptoms of *glaciation!*

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Receipts for The Standard, from April 1st to May 1st.

1088	Rev. W. L. Gaylord, Fitzwilliam, N. H.,	$2 00
1062	C. R. Crowell " "	1 00
1090	Mrs. Jane Steele, Peterboro', "	2 00
1077	Miss Sarah M. Fairbanks, Lowell, Mass.,	3 00
1086	Ruth H. Brady, Fairhaven, "	2 00
1092	S. Griffith Morgan, New Bedford, "	2 00
1092	W. J. Rotch, " "	4 00
1093	Mrs. C. M. Tuttle, " "	2 00
1088	D. F. Nichols, Dedham, "	2 00
1041	L. H. Kingsbury, Dedham, "	1 00
1038	Mrs. Rebecca Bent, Mattapan, "	2 00
1044	R. W. Sumner, " "	2 00
1062	Dr. D. Y. White, Leominster, "	1 00
1090	Charles Follen, Boston, "	2 00
1088	Miss Ruth Soley, " "	2 00
1092	D. B. Morey, " "	2 00
1088	Mrs. Dorcas Weld, Fitchburgh, "	1 00
1062	Daniel Parlin, Templeton, "	1 00
1062	F. L. Sargent, " "	1 00
1049	Mrs. J. A. Sawyer, " "	50
1049	Mrs. Eliza Webb, " "	50
1092	Mrs. Chas. Goddard, Winchester, "	2 00
1092	Lauren Wetmore, Wolcottville, Ct.,	2 00
1062	Jos. L. Smith, Manchester, N. H., "	2 00
1062	Gershom Powers, Silver Creek, New York,	4 00
1073	Horace Morton, Groton, "	2 00
1040	A. Woodworth, Sandy Hill, "	2 24
1049	V. B. Gross, Peruville, "	5 00
1079	Gideon Wales, Pike Pond, "	2 00
1062	E. F. Bullard, Waterford, "	1 00
1013	John Braithewaite, Rochester, "	4 58
1078	Jas. A. Barr, Ludlowville, "	2 00
1089	Alex. Welch, Elmira, "	1 50
1031	Martha F. Ketchum, Milton, "	2 00
1090	Wm. Darragh, Enfield Centre, "	2 00
1092	Miss De Peyster, North Shore, S. I.,	2 00
1036	Thos. Leggett, Whitestone, L. I.,	5 24
741	Peter Wilson, New York City,	3 00
1043	Robert L. Darragh, "	2 00
1080	Miss Martha Johnson, "	2 00
1040	Thomas Truesdell, "	10 00
1040	Ellison Conger, Newark, N. J.,	7 00
1040	John Begole, " "	2 00
1086	S. N. Warfel, Strasburgh, Pa.,	2 00
1088	Mrs. J. P. Angier, Toledo, O.,	2 00
1088	Dr. L. M. Whiting, Canton, O.,	2 00
1044	J. M. Frost, Indianapolis, Ind.	4 00
1036	Catherine A. F. Stebbins, Ann Arbor, Mich.,	25
	Henry Willis, Battle Creek, "	1 00
1083	Jos. K. Miller, Milwaukee, Wis.,	2 00
1018	Francis Sheldon, West Point, Iowa,	4 00
1088	B. Pitman, Esq., Hawaii, S. I.,	2 00
	Donations.	
	Gerrit Smith, Peterboro, New York,	50 00
	E. Mack, Yorkville, "	1 00
	John Begile, Newark, N. J.,	1 00
	Collections.	
	By Marius R. Robinson, - - -	5 50
	By Aaron M. Powell, - - - -	2 95
	A friend, Albany (donation) - - -	10 00
	Cornelius Wellington, Boston (donation), -	5 00

Special Notices.

☞ FREE SUFFRAGE.—As President of the New York State Suffrage Association of colored men, the undersigned calls the Association together to meet in the city of New York, at Spring Street Hall, on Thursday, the 10th o May next, in the afternoon; the meeting to be continued throughout the next day and evening, to take action to secure equal suffrage for colored men. All who desire to aid in this object are invited to attend. Wm. J. Watkins and others will address the meetings. By order,

STEPHEN MYERS, President.

☞ PHILADELPHIA FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—A stated meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti Slavery Society will be held at the Anti-Slavery Office, on Fifth day, the 10th inst., at 4 o'clock. G. M. S. P. JONES, Sec'y.

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

JOHN BROWN.

I.

'Tis o'er:
The Tyrant's work is done.
Freedom! thy champion breathes no longer;
Slaves! your galling chains grow stronger;
Weep for the stricken one!
Mourn, Liberty! Thy son
Shall struggle for the right,
Thy glorious battles fight
No more.

II.

Oh, Fame!
To future ages tell
First of thy thousand tales of glory,
This hoary-headed hero's story.
For freedom fought he well;
And martyr-crowned he fell:
Fell, shackled man to free.
Slaves! let your watchword be
His name!

III.

At rest
Is now the hero brave.
His arms lie powerless by his side;
His poor, cold lips are dumb. He died
A martyr for the slave.
Weep o'er the Old Man's Grave!
His earthly work is o'er;
Life's troubles rend no more
His breast.

IV.

JOHN BROWN!
That name shall never die.
Words such as his *must* live forever:
The man may fall, his teachings never.
Up, then, oh, tear-dimm'd eye!
Trust, slaves, in God on high!
His arm shall set you free:
Soon may you hope to be
Your own.

Honesdale, Pa.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

THAT heart-sickness which comes from deferred hope pressed all too heavily upon poor Madge, and her health gave way with the failure of her hope. As long as possible she held out a stout resistance, and would not succumb; but as weeks waxed into months, she began to realize that she was, in truth, cast off. Pride put on a haughty look, and tried to affect *the indifferent*; but when was Pride unconquered by Love? Thoughts of the past, dreams of the future, and memories of the ideal and the idol looked mockingly in upon her forced resignation. Poor tired, young heart, with no well-spring at which to quench its burning thirst!

Day by day her step grew weaker, and her cheek paled as though a canker were secretly feeding upon its bloom. Friends and acquaintances marked the change, and artfully traced it back, as is always the case, to some little cold which she had taken. Only the father knew that the fountain of his child's happiness had been sapped by the just penalty due to those *innocent* "follies" of his youth, which young men sometimes jocosely style "sowing wild oats." He remembered, as he clenched his fists, and swore deep oaths against himself, that God's curse sometimes reaches to the second and third generation.

"Are these books so very pleasant, dear papa?" inquired Madge, one afternoon, as they sat alone in the library. "I wish I could learn to be fond of them, for they seem to have such a beguiling power. If I could be content to sit and pore over them as you do, I might learn to forget"—

She suddenly caught her breath then added quickly,

"At least, now, when I am so dull and prosy, a good book might wake me up. I remember it was Charles Reade who first gave me any sort of interest in books. And what a great vista of reflection was opened out by that wonderful story, 'Never too late to mend.' I am surprised that everybody who reads it is not moved as I was. That book aroused my sympathy for all kinds of human suffering, and gave me an enlarged view of matters and things, 'institutions,' if you will, by which I was surrounded. How well I recollect the first time I read that story! it was the night that Jack and Milly ran away; and my impulse was to tell you of their flight, when suddenly the book seemed to speak to me, to warn me that if I hindered them, I would but write myself down a very Hawes; and so I kept my own counsels; and that act was like the opening of a window to my mind; light poured in afterwards. Say, papa" (she passed her hand across her eyes), "when will you liberate our slaves? You must believe that it is wrong to hold them thus."

"My child" (he spoke with evident irritation), "our negroes are not yet ready for emancipation; when they are, I shall consider the matter. Were you well and strong, my dear, as you used to be, and as I hope before many months to see you again" (he stroked her hair), "I would talk the matter over with you, and try to explain some of its knotty points; but just now I should prefer to see you in a quiet, unexcited state of mind."

"Believe me, papa, I have sufficient strength to talk on this or any subject; moreover, I am so very much interested in this whole business that I think talking of it will do me more good than harm. Why can't you make some arrangement by which their freedom will be secured? What prevents you from doing it at once? Like Mr. Norton, whom you denounced as an insincere person, you always confront me with that horrid monster, '*the law of my State*.' Now, if the law of my State is the devil's compact, I despise it."

"Madge"—Mrs. Vertner's hand was firmly laid upon Madge's shoulder—"Madge, what do you mean by this irreverence? Your father should not listen to such mad talk. I am ashamed—but, good heavens! how pale you are. See, see, Col. Vertner, she is fainting."

The strong man passed his arm lightly around his daughter's waist, and bore her to the open window. Mrs. Vertner dashed a glass of cold water in the colorless face; and, with a fearful shudder, the girl returned to human consciousness.

"Oh, papa, I feel so strangely, as if all my blood had run out—so weak, like beaten flax; and the air!—I can't breathe."

Again she closed her eyes. The whiteness of her face increased.

"Only see! she swoons again," cried Mrs. Vertner. "Send for the doctor, Col. Vertner; the child will die here without aid."

"I cannot leave her," exclaimed the terrified father, now fully realizing that she was altogether *his* child. "You go, my dear, despatch a servant at once for the physician."

The fact was, Madge had not been well for some time. She had felt, without understanding it, for several months past, a strange, uneasy feeling in the region of the heart, quick flutterings and palpitations, with sometimes strong physical pain. Now she had become a little too much excited in the conversation with her father, and a swoon was the result. The doctor came, looked at her, felt her pulse, asked a good many questions, left a prescription with strict injunction that the medicine be given faithfully every half-hour until he called again.

And so it was for some time. The attack which all had thought slight kept Madge bed-fast for weeks.

Slowly, and oh! how reluctantly! Col. Vertner became aware that his child was sinking rapidly. There was a tight pulling at the chords of his heart, a thick, choking fulness of the throat, and a blindness, as of a night cloud, before his eyes—still, no tears. He ground down his agony, locked up his feelings, and tried to appear as usual before Madge. But the fond and tender daughter marked her father's forced manner with an anxious eye.

One morning, after a feverish, sleepless night, he came into her chamber. She raised herself upon the pillow.

"Come here, papa. Oh, how I *should* miss that morning kiss if it were to fail me," she said. Then, giving him her hand, she added, "But ere long, dear papa, my morning greeting will fail you. Signs came to me, last night, by which I know that I am fast going—signs which I cannot mistake. There were voices calling underneath my window, flappings of strange wings about my bed, and murmurs close to my ears, as though the angels were calling me to come away. I am not afraid to go, papa; and if it were not for you, I believe I should be glad. I leave this life just as it begins to pall. I go with my first disappointment. And when I am gone, fairly gone, papa, fast, deep-buried in the earth, you will write——give me a drink of that water; my throat is thick—there! there! I say, when I *am* dead and buried, you will write to Mr. Butler and tell him of it. Break the news gently to him, papa, without a word of your own grief, and let there be no unkindness."

"Oh, angel-child, can you, do you forgive him? I never can."

"And why not? I pity the little cloud of weakness and pride which for the moment overcame him. You, my dear papa, of all other men, should blame him least. Before he came to this country, I dare say, Mr. Butler had none of this vulgar prejudice against race, or color" (she smiled), "as it is facetiously styled. He learned it in America, with tobacco-spitting and other vulgarities. None of our fine gentlemen would marry a quadroon. Why, then, expect greater magnanimity of an Englishman? No, papa, you have felt the recoil of the gun which you had loaded for another. Bear it patiently, or profit so far by it as to quit the business of slaveholding. Throw your fortune, life and influence into the scale for freedom; and, oh! promise me, before I go, brighten my dying moment, soften my death-pillow by the pledge that you will liberate our slaves; and tell Mr. Norton that my last message to him was to remind, beg, urge him not to trifle with his conscience, to count all earthly possessions of little value when arrayed against justice, truth and human love. Tell him to remember his promise to Helen, and no longer restrain those negroes from their liberty. And, papa, have I your promise?" She pressed his hand warmly. Of course it is needless to state that he gave the promise. How could a father, in such circumstances, do otherwise?

Daily, almost hourly, Madge sank rapidly. Her illness was characterized by a sleepy, silent sort of languor. For hours she would lie in a half trance, with her eyes rigidly fixed upon some flower or figure on the papered wall; and when asked how she felt, would reply,

"Weary; oh, so weary!"

The doctor said it was a premature worn-out-ness, a failure of all the physical functions, and that the heart had become partially benumbed. The negroes came in, as often as they were allowed, to look at her—each one bringing some little tribute. The baskets and fancy brooms which they had designed for her wedding presents were now offered as an amusement for her sick hours. Old Uncle Peter hobbled up to the house from his cabin, every morning and evening, to see her. She appeared to enjoy his visits more than any others, for he always talked to her of the New Jerusalem, and delighted in picturing it as a great city of golden streets, with a summer's sun always beaming down upon its palaces of diamond and jasper. The old negro had heard somewhere of the story in Revelation, and out of such fragments as his memory afforded had patched up quite a fascinating little picture.

"Oh, Missy Madge," he used to say, that's the right place for sich as you. Dis here airth ain't good enuff fur ye. Up dar" (indicating with his cane) "is de place whar de folks is angels, de sky bright, de ground gold, an' de houses precious stones. Ah! de Lord make a mansion for his own. He knows dis no fitten place for de angels, an' he only sent you down here for a little while. Now he wants you back. Oh, it ain't hard to go, Miss Madge; it's jist one step over de stile, down a moonlight lane, an' den de New Jerusalem breaks right on to your sight.

"'Oh, you's gwine home,
Home, home to rest.'"

He broke out singing, in a sweet, plaintive style, a verse or so of a popular negro hymn, "Home to Canaan." All this had a soothing influence upon Madge, so that the old negro left her always more composed than he found her; yet, though he talked to her in this encouraging manner, those who watched him when he left discovered that he was always in tears. However, in her presence he restrained his feelings, painting to her, as a brighter and more experienced intellect might have done, the heaven to which she was fast hastening. "Cast all your fears," he was wont to say in his talks with her—"cast all your fears on Jesus's breast. He's de lamp, de light an' de joy what's gwine to lead you through. Oh, think on the cross; see his bleedin' side, de nails in his hands and feet, an' dat orful thirst when dey give him vinegar an' no water. Think, blessed child, what he suffer, and never fear to go right to him. His arms done stretch wide out to you now; all you is got to do is to go straight to him. He stands waitin' an' willin'. I ken most see him now stand on de edge of dat white cloud dat rests so still over yonder, wid de sunlight making it so bright."

Aunt Polly was not allowed to see her often, as she could not control her feelings sufficiently, and always excited Madge. Ruth came dozens of times through the day with flowers, and her great, curious eyes always swimming in tears. To her, Madge bequeathed all her ribbons, old gloves, laces, hats, &c. Though the poor girl was charmed with the finery, this evidence of kindness on the part of her young mistress, at such a time, touched her deeply; and, with her apron thrown over her head, she would rush from the room, crying out,

"Miss Madge, dear, blessed Miss Madge, done broke my heart right in two."

Every morning, Pomp was sent for to tell the news from Silk and Rover; and Madge would smile her old, joyous smile at the boy's narration.

It was amusing, yet touching, one morning, to see the little black-faced, frolic-loving fellow, as he stood close by his mistress's bed, with his shining, face lighted up with merriment, in the midst of a long story; while Madge, with her arm poised upon the pillow and her head resting upon her frail, white hands, listened to him, with eagerness and animation written all over her wasted face.

"And Rover?" she asked.

"Oh, him jist whines and grieves 'bout you, Miss Madge; he cries all round dis winder and jumps up on his hind legs, tryin' to get in; he follers every one to de door an' tries to get in arter 'em, but den he is pushed back an' he jist tucks his tail hind his leg and pokes off, lookin' so lonesome like. See, dar he is now, Miss Madge, lookin' in at dat glass door."

And as Madge bent forward from the bed, sure enough there was Rover perched up, looking in at the window, with that wistful gaze which speechless animals sometimes give.

"Oh, let him in; let him in," exclaimed Madge.

Quickly Rover's fore paws were upon the bed, his tail wagging in delight, and he licking his mistress's outstretched hand.

"Poor fellow, poor fellow," said Madge, "how he has missed me. He looks thin. I am afraid, Pomp, you have not taken good care of him."

The dog seemed wild with delight, and Madge herself appeared to enjoy the meeting nearly as much. As she bent over, caressing the dog, her father entered the room.

"Ah," he cried out, "how natural this looks! My daughter, you will get well; only see how your odd old pets, Pomp and Rover, woo and coax you back to health."

That afternoon Ruth carried her in her arms to the stable to look at Silk.

"Here, Ruth," said Madge, "don't you think you can lift and bear me in your arms to Silk's stall?"

"Yes, indeed, Miss Madge, and I is glad to do it."

"Get me that brown mantilla, and my hat with the black lace fall. There, now, gently, very gently, Ruth! I feel so weak, and as flimsy as unstarched muslin."

Arrived at the stable, she said,

"Put me down upon this painted trough; hold me so, your arm round my waist; there, Ruth, keep your hand firmly there. I feel almost giving way. Poor Silk! pretty, graceful Silk! I have come to tell you goodbye—come to see you for the last time. Never again, oh Silk, shall I spur you through the summer woods. We will never again together see the sun rise, or watch it set beyond the banks of Green river. I'll not mount you again, my pretty Silk." Thus, with her hand on the poney's mane, stroking the long silken threads or patting the high-arched neck of the graceful animal, Madge poured out expressions of affection, and Silk appeared, by her mournful *pose* and a moist sort of eye-light, to give intelligence to what her mistress was saying.

"Take me back, Ruth; take me quickly, and bear me gently, gently, for I am sinking."

Large tears hung on the fringed lids of her eyes, and her fine lip quivered as, leaning forward from the servant's arms, Madge pressed her lips to Silk's bowed neck.

"Oh, Miss Madge! What! you ain't gwine to faint? Oh, please don't," the girl innocently exclaimed.

"Faint—ah, faint forever!" replied Madge, in a languid tone.

When she was again laid upon the bed and her father had administered a cordial, she said,

"Don't you see them, papa? don't you see them just there, at the foot of my bed, here close to the pillow; now there, flying all round about; spirits, with bright eyes and silver wings; they bring me flowers and fruits, and now they float away on soft, white clouds. See! they beckon me to come after. I must go"; and she half rose from the bed, then sank back on the pillow, murmuring, "they have all gone and left me."

Soon after, the doctor came in and felt her pulse. Col. Vertner observed the expression of his face change.

"What is it, doctor?"

The man of science shook his head mournfully. Col. Vertner caught some such words as "God's will be done"; he heard no more, but understood *all*. Taking his stand at the head of the bed, he laid his hand gently upon his child's brow, and remained thus through all the bitter scene.

Mrs. Vertner was sent for. Ruth and the nurse came in also. There, silent, they stood, until the doctor, placing his hand upon the pulse, turned to them, saying, in a low voice,

"All is over."

Then such a shriek went up from the group as seemed to break the ceiling.

But Madge had spoken no more after the vision of the flight of angels. With her eyes and lips firmly closed, she sank to that sweetest of life's sleeps, whose awaking lies on the other side of the blessed river!

They buried her with her kindred, in the family graveyard. A white marble shaft—engraved upon which is her name, her age, birth and death—points to the spot where she rests.

In conclusion, we have only to say that in Col. Vertner's heart there was left ever after an unfilled void. Sometimes, it is true, he thought of his promise to his daughter of liberating his slaves, but, then, opposed to that promise were self-interest, love of worldly possessions and a profound belief that holding slaves was an unerring mark of respectability. Besides, his wife and friends and family connections would have laughed at him and derided him as a "negrophilist" (a word the meaning of which, though in current use at the South, we are sorely puzzled to make out), so he continued to put off the promise, saying to himself, as many another has done, "I'll liberate them at my death."

And as for Mr. Norton, he, we learn, was another one of those swift converts to the doctrine of the South, "that God has cursed the negro with perpetual slavery"; so he continued to keep and to add to the number which his wife left him, sowing the seed of iniquity, to reap, at some future day, the whirlwind and the tempest.

If there are those who blame Mr. Norton and Col. Vertner for their temporizing spirit, we only ask them to look into their own hearts and see if they are not also playing with the spirit of Justice and trifling with higher instincts. Col. Vertner and Mr. Norton—wrong and wicked though they be—are yet far less to blame than the law which gives them such irresponsible and cruel power. Let all such as condemn these two men remember to do their part to lessen such unjust power by fighting a good fight and casting a true vote in 1860.

[THE END.]

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

A SONG FOR MAY.

Now Nature, bounteous, showers her gifts around,
And mountain, field, and wood with songs resound;
The zephyrs play among the lofty trees;
The sails are spread to meet the morning breeze;
The farmer milks his cows and drives them off to field;
The housewife opes her door and plies the busy wheel;
The patient oxen drag the lab'ring plough;
The ploughman half his fields to Ceres vows;
The joyful herds of Pan roam o'er the hills,
And down the mountain leaps the laughing rill;
As o'er its rocky bed it prattling goes,
It gathers tribute oft from Winter's snows.
Adown the sloping vale its course it takes,
And, rounding, flows to meet the glassy lake;
Along its banks, and in its mossy dells,
The trailing arbuto, modest, loves to dwell,
The sweetest flower that marks the growing year;
New England's pride, our fathers first to cheer,
When o'er the storm-tossed sea their lone bark sailed,
And on our shore their courage well-nigh failed:
A thousand songsters fly from tree to tree,
And welcome Spring with songs and jubilee.
The genial sunshine thaws the frozen earth,
And brings the squirrel from his wintry berth.
Beneath the eaves, the swallow builds his nest;
Then, late at night, he hies him home to rest.
Full many a time and oft, on summer's day,
I've watched the swallows gath'ring for a play;
Or—when the glowing work goes briskly on—
The twitt'ring songsters pass the summer's morn.
The green woods echo now with laugh and shout,
As merry children roam the woods about,
To gather flowers, and sport the live-long day,
To jump and romp, and while the hours away.
The maiden, pensive, sits upon the wall,
And dreams she hears her boyish lover call.
So Spring comes on, and Earth opes all her pores,
Reveals her charms, and yields her secret stores.

J. H. M.

FOOLS.

It was part of the wisdom of the apostle to suffer fools gladly. Scarcely anything can be more wise, and scarcely anything more difficult. In every department of life and in every undertaking that deserves to be called great, the cry is raised that improvement is hindered and progress stopped by the deadly influence of fools. The best people, therefore—those who have the good of their kind most at heart—are most inclined to do anything rather than suffer fools gladly. The fools are, on the contrary, their most hated and hateful enemies, who will not let them do the good they long to do in their lives. Speculative men are also generally in love with their own theories, and are apt to express a strong contempt for the owls who are too blind to see their theories in the same light in which they are regarded by their authors. But tacitly the common mass of mankind is excluded from these censures. A feeling of pity and a respect for misfortune prevents even a hasty man from calling the poor fools fools. They have not had sufficient advantages to be responsible for their folly. The fools who meet with reproach are those whom the wise man wants to work through or with, and who will not do as he wishes. No one can deny that this refusal is often exceedingly provoking, and there is no doubt that much of the misery of the world is owing to the fact that a very large portion of those endowed with power and influence are either born incapable of thought or have allowed the capacity to lie so long dormant that practically it does not exist. That things are arranged in the best possible way is palpably untrue; and if we were at liberty to wish, we could wish for nothing better than that folly should disappear. But as things go, it may plausibly be contended that the special kind of fools to whom we are referring—those, namely, whom the wise expect to act directly on, and to bring to their way of thinking at once—are of considerable service, and play a very important and even salutary part in the affairs of the world. If their censors would consider how this may be the case, it would make them a little more inclined to suffer gladly these objects of their aversion.

We must, however, state a little more precisely in what sense we use the word "fools." A man may be stupid and impenetrable to argument, and yet, in some ways, be very wise. He may be honest, diligent, a kind friend, a good husband and father. It is part of wisdom to exercise the common virtues of common life. A man may also have shrewdness in his own particular business, although he be as deaf as a post to all suggestions and reasonings that do not deal with what is perfectly familiar to him. A farmer may be a capital judge of a cow, although he cannot be brought to understand the advantages of deep draining. By fools, we merely mean those who have little power of embracing new ideas, and who occupy themselves with comparative trifles as if they were matters of the highest interest. By wise men, we merely mean those whose minds are open to reasoning, and who have a just sense of the relative value of things. Wise men, in this sense, are often foolish in many points of conduct, and even in this sense there is not often any very marked interval between the wisest and those who are next to them in wisdom. The persons who, in novels and meditative essays, who are called sages are either entirely mythical or occur at rare intervals in the history of mankind. Ordinarily, the wise are not sharply contrasted with the whole of their generation. But without raising individuals to an unreal and invidious elevation, we feel perfectly justified in saying that some men are wise and others foolish. In political economy, for instance, we may venture to say that Mr. Mill is wise and that the usual Protectionist squire is a fool. In law, we may say that Lord Campbell is wise and that the county court judge who sentenced a rich aunt to pay her nephew's debts is a fool. In theological knowledge and sense, there is a distinct interval of wisdom and folly between the archbishop of Dublin and the ranting Irish preacher who spends his life in damning the Lady of Babylon. This is the folly and wisdom of which we are speaking. In itself the folly is a bad thing. It is great pity that short-sighted views of self-interest should affect legislation, that judges should make ridiculous mistakes, and that clergymen should work themselves up into a frenzy of theological hatred. But when the whole subject is looked at broadly, it will appear desirable that this sort of folly should occupy positions of considerable importance.

Perhaps no kind of folly is more severely censured by any set of persons than the folly of the country clergy is censured by clever persons living in towns. The country clergy are said to be obtuse—as indifferent to theology as they are ignorant of it, wrapped up in small squabbles which dissenters, intent on their corn and hay, their garden and pigs, not on the things of the next world, sunk in the most unimaginative Toryism, and prone to deliver on Sundays *such* sermons, so old, so dry, and so dead There is truth in all this. The country clergy are not bright. They are mostly poor and mostly married. They think, like other men, how they shall make ends meet at the end of the year; and it is of much more importance to them to get on comfortably in their parish than to study modern literature or to vex themselves with problems of divinity. How could we expect them to be different? Every great institution must be worked practically by very inferior men, and the Church has not got so many prizes to offer to so large a body as her clergy that we have any right to look for an exception in her case. But we may go further than this. These foolish clergy are placed over others more foolish than themselves, and these unthinking men transmit thought. The country clergy, as a body, are superior to the country farmers. Therefore, they act, we may be sure, on the minds of the farmers. If they were too superior to those about them, there would not be sufficient community between them and their flocks to be able to pass on to them any germs of thought. When two men think, so far as they think at all, almost exactly alike, but there is still a superiority of thought in one of them, however slight it may be, it is everything to get hold of this man in order to approach his neighbor. The clergyman believes almost exactly what the farmer believes, cares for that which the farmer takes interest in, and rarely meddles with thoughts or subjects quite out of the farmer's line. But there is one little speck in his mind that is more enlightened. He is just able to understand the meaning of a brother clergyman slightly more able than himself. He thus takes into his mind faint germs of truth and knowledge, and in a faint way, with many errors and much feebleness and uncertainty, he passes on to the farmer a portion of the thought he has received. We may see exactly the same thing in the larger sphere of the relations of Christianity to heathendom. Missionary records abound with much that is silly and shortsighted and ineffectual. Many of the operations of the most zealous seem of very questionable utility, and guided by very hazy notions of right and wrong. But the zeal and the folly go together. The absence of thought prevents the Christian from seeing half of the difficulties that beset his ministry, and it is precisely because his mind is not too fine-set that he perseveres. There is not too great an interval between him and the objects of his ministration. He is a kind of buffer between the thoughtful Christian and the untaught heathen. And when we have made up our minds to accept fools as part of the great scheme for the transmission of thought, we have at least the advantage of regarding our existence with a little more complacency. Not that wisdom is less precious, or that every practicable advance towards it is not a great gain. It is much better to have the country clergy of England than the peasant priests of France and Belgium; for so long as the clergy and their flocks are in some sort of harmony of thought, the gain of having the clergy distinctly superior is incontestible. But we suffer the country clergy much more gladly if we regard them as necessary parts of a great scheme, and see that, if they were much better, they would not be so fit for their place.

The same consideration presents itself under a thousand shapes in the sphere of secular government. A sanitary reformer, for example, wishes to see his plan for the health of his country carried men out. He is immediately checked by the pigheadedness of every one about him. One man says that no one shall touch his property, another says he likes dirt, a third insists that dirt is very warm and comfortable. If he can get any friends to join with him, he has the greatest difficulty in coming to a common understanding with them as to the means to be adopted. If he gets a little money voted, he sees it jobbed away. All this is very disheartening. But he must remember that his ultimate object is to make the poor, who have no sanitary notions at all, voluntarily adopt sanitary practices, which they must carry out daily and every hour of the day. He and they stand at the opposite ends of a very long line. How is he to communicate with them? The only way is to communicate with them through the intervening fools whose folly he so bitterly resents. He must first get those who are much above the poor to adopt, in a very imperfect way, some very imperfect sanitary reforms; and he must expect to see them do this under a strong protest and in a very erroneous way. If he can save a little money from jobbery, he has got a step forward. He has set the great fool machinery in motion; and when it is once set in motion, the continuance of the movement and its rate will entirely depend on the supply of force that comes from the central spring. If there is real, well-directed activity of thought in those who, however remotely, set others thinking, the progress of thought is a certainty. Thought is ineffectual only when its authors are prematurely crushed out, or when they retire in despair from working the machinery of gradually weaker minds, through which their thought must pass.

There is one way of avoiding the necessity of suffering fools, and that is not to suffer them at all. This is the principle on which are founded all theories of benevolent and paternal despotism. The mass of mankind are not only fools, but irreclaimable fools, and those who differ from the mass are very few indeed. If these few can but get physical force into their hands, they can make the fools get all the benefit of thought without going through the painful process of learning to think. All free government, on the contrary, depends on employing the gradation of fools. There are great practical difficulties in the way of each method of governing. A paternal despotism is beset by the embarrassing problem, how the best of paternal despots are to be first discovered, and then maintained in power. A free government finds it hard to prevent the wrong end of the chain of fools coming sometimes to the top. But the real point of comparison is not in the degree of success with which they accomplish their respective ends, but in the scope of their operation. For the superiority of free government lies not only in the results, but in the method. It does not merely give fools what they wish, but it gives it them in a way that lessens their folly. Suffering fools is the basis of all constitutional government, and it is the secret of all the expansive power of Protestantism. A system of ecclesiastical government may make use of blind instruments, but the mode in which Protestantism works is by the action of religious thought on the minds of every degree of power and cultivation. Its progress must therefore be accompanied by endless manifestations of folly. But this folly is graduated. Whenever religious thought is active, severe and vigorous, its force runs down the line, and raises each link in the chain a point. Freemen and Protestants are bound to suffer fools as gladly as they can, and the recognition of the general duty makes it easier to be tolerated in particular cases. No folly, for instance, can be more annoying, because none is more obtrusive, than the folly of religious parties. People of sense abstain from discussing contested points in the presence of strangers; but a hot-headed partisan will get into a railway carriage occupied by persons unknown to him, and straightway begin to abuse the Jesuits or the Protestant Dissenters. It is a comfort to shut one's eyes and hold one's tongue, and to reflect that this little outpouring is but the vent of necessary folly; that party spirit accompanies interest in religion; and that the most fiery partisans are really without their knowledge open to the control of those who, from a remote centre and through a hidden and tortuous channel, are continually filtering some imperceptible grains of sense into their foolish minds, and making them aid in awakening minds still more foolish than their own.—*Saturday Review.*

CURIOSITIES OF JUSTICE.

IN the good old times, when
Wretches hang that jurymen might dine,
the judges not unfrequently resorted to what the law aptly enough termed the *peine forte et dure*—namely, "pressing to death" for refusing to plead. This system continued in vogue till 1772, when an act was passed by which any one refusing to plead should be deemed guilty, the same as though by verdict of a jury. The "press yard" at Newgate, and perhaps at other prisons, yet, we believe, retains its name, albeit it is no longer used for its original purpose. We have before us a curious print representing a criminal in the act of being pressed to death. He is extended flat on his back, his arms and feet drawn apart at full stretch, and secured to staples in the floor; a piece of plank is on his body, and on that a number of heavy weights.

There seem to have been two kinds of criminals who formerly refused to plead to their indictments: the one, men of property, who, by suffering death by pressure instead of by hanging, preserved their landed estates to their children or heirs, which would not have been the case had they pleaded and been found guilty by the jury. The other class were ignorant, determined men, who foolishly imagined that by obstinately refusing to plead, they should eventually escape the punishment due to their offences.

When no argument could induce a man to plead, the judgment of the law was read over to him as he stood at the bar. It was thus worded: "That the prisoner shall be sent to the prison whence he came, and put into a mean room, stopped from the light, and shall there be laid on the bare ground, without any litter, straw or other covering. . . . He shall lie upon his back, his head shall be covered, and his feet shall be bare. One of his arms shall be drawn with a cord to one side of the room, and the other arm to the other side; and his legs shall be served in the like manner. Then there shall be laid upon his body as much iron or stone as he can bear, *and more!* And the first day after, he shall have three morsels of barley-bread, without any drink; and the second day he shall be allowed to drink as much as he can at three times of the water that is next the prison-door, except running-water, without any bread; and this shall be his diet till he dies; and he against whom this judgment shall be given forfeits his goods to the king."

The last time that this punishment was inflicted was, we believe, upon a shipmaster, charged with piracy, who, to save his landed property to his family, remained mute when called upon to plead.

In January, 1720, two highwaymen, named Spiggot and Phillips, refused to plead, unless the effects taken from their persons when they were apprehended were restored to them. This was refused, and they, on their part, adhered to their resolution. Thereupon they were sentenced to be pressed to death; but when taken into the press-room at Newgate, Phillips was terrified, and begged to be taken back to plead, which, as a mercy, he was permitted to do, although in strict law he could have been denied the request. His companion, however, was pressed, and bore the amazing weight of three hundred and fifty pounds for the space of half an hour; but when an additional fifty pounds was added, his fortitude gave way, and he also begged to be allowed to plead. The evidence on the trial was perfectly conclusive, and the two men—both of whom were very hardened robbers—were duly hanged at Tyburn.

The following year another highwayman, named Hawes, likewise refused to plead to his indictment, alleging as a reason that "the people who apprehended me seized a suit of fine clothes, *which I intended to have gone to the gallows in*; unless they are returned, I will not plead, for no one shall say that I was hanged in a dirty shirt and ragged coat." In vain was the dreadful alternative explained to him; he continued stubbornly mute, and was taken to the press-room, and bore a weight of two hundred and fifty pounds for seven minutes, when he cried out to be taken back to the court. He there pleaded "Not guilty," but was convicted and hanged.

A far more remarkable and more cruel case than the preceding occurred at Nottingham assizes in the year 1735. A poor creature, commonly reputed to have been deaf and dumb from infancy, was arraigned on an accusation of murder. Two witnesses—who were subsequently known to have borne him ill-will—swore positively that they had heard him speak; he was therefore called upon to plead guilty or not guilty. "A lawyer represented his case most feelingly to the judge, but the law on the subject being supposed to be imperative, he was taken into an adjoining room, and actually pressed to death; continuing, says a register of the times, obstinately dumb to the last." The latter fact, we think, most incontestably proves that the wretched being was naturally dumb.

In another instance—and it is the last we shall cite on the subject—a man was pressed to death, who assuredly was an impostor, so far as his pretended dumbness was concerned. His name was Matthew Ryan, and he was tried, or should have been tried, for highway robbery, at the Kilkenny assizes, in 1740. When in prison, he affected to be a lunatic; and in court, counterfeited dumbness. The judges impannelled a jury to try "whether he was mute and lunatic by the hand of God, or wilfully so." The jury returned in a short time, and brought in a verdict of 'Wilful and affected dumbness and lunacy.' The judges on this desired the prisoner to plead; but he still pretended to be insensible to all that was said to him. The law now called for the *peine forte et dure*; but the judges compassionately deferred awarding it until a future day, in the hope that he might in the meantime acquire a juster sense of his situation." But this delay had not the intended effect. He refused to plead when next brought up, and was pressed to death two days subsequently in Kilkenny market-place. "As the weights were heaping on the wretched man, he earnestly supplicated to be hanged; but it being beyond the power of the sheriff to deviate from the mode of punishment prescribed in the sentence, even this was an indulgence which could no longer be granted to him!"

During the whole of the 18th century, the gallows bore profuse crops of awful fruit, and the hangman had incessant occupation. Now-a-days, one can hardly realize the fact that within the memory of many yet living, six, ten, fifteen, and even more men, were hanged at one time and one place! In a book printed only about fifty years ago, we have an engraving, "an exact representation," it is called, of the "new scaffold" at Newgate, with ten men hanging at once! On the 23d of April, 1765, *nineteen* men were executed together, and not one for murder! Most were hanged for robberies and burglaries, and no less than three for returning from transportation before their time had expired. On the 10th of November, the same year, *eighteen* were hanged in front of Newgate, and not one for murder; and on December 1, nine more were hanged, all for robberies and burglaries. The bodies of murderers, we may remark, were almost invariably given to the surgeons for dissection—unless ordered to hang in chains—and they were *publicly* exposed to the gaze of young and old on the dissecting-table of the Surgeons' Hall, Old Bailey.

It was a very ancient custom for the bellman of the parish of St. Sepulchre's to go beneath the walls of Newgate on the night prior to the execution of condemned convicts, and, ringing his bell, to recite these admonitory lines:

All you that in the condemned hold do lie,
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die.
Watch all, and pray; the hour is drawing near
That you before th' Almighty must appear.
Examine well yourselves; in time repent,
That you may not t' eternal flames be sent.
And when St. Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord above have mercy on your souls!
Past twelve o'clock!

St. Sepulchre's bell tolled on the morning of execution, and the cart used to stop before the church, whilst the bellman again did his office by ringing his bell and repeating certain lines. It would appear, however, that a clergyman ought to have been, and originally was the reciter of the verses, for in an edition of Stowe's *Survey of London*, printed in 1618, we read that "Robert Doue, Citizen and Merchant Taylor of London, gave to the parish church of St. Sepulchres the summe of £50, that after the several sessions of London, when the prisoners remaine in the goole, as condemned men to death, expecting execution on the morrow following; the clarke [the clergyman] of the church shoold come in the nighttime, and likewise early in the morning, to the window of the prison where they lye, and there ringing certain tolls with a hand-bell, appointed for the purpose, he doth afterwards (in most Christian manner) put them in mind of their present condition, and ensuing execution, desiring them to be prepared therefore as they ought to be. When they are in the cart, and brought before the wall of the church, there he standeth ready with the same bell, and after certain tolls, rehearseth an appointed praier, desiring all the people there present to pray for them. The beadle, also, of Merchant Taylors Hall hath an honest stipend allowed to see that this is duely done."

It was also customary for the cart to stop on its way to Tyburn, that the malefactors might be presented with a bowl of ale—their last draught on earth. This custom prevailed in the county of York later than anywhere else; and a curious anecdote is told of a saddler of Bawtry, who "lost his life in consequence of declining the refreshment; as had he stopped as usual, his reprieve, which was actually on the road, would have arrived time enough to have saved him. Hence arose the saying that the saddler of Bawtry was hanged for leaving his ale."

It is startling to read of mere boys being hanged for offences which, now-a-days, would probably be punished by a few months' imprisonment, or by seclusion in a reformatory. Peter M'Cloud, aged *sixteen*, was hanged at Tyburn, May 27, 1772, for housebreaking. Another boy, not sixteen, was hanged for murder at Wisbeach, July 13, 1807, and we notice his case on account of the very extraordinary expedient used to render him penitent prior to his execution. This boy had committed a most atrocious murder at Whittlesea, by killing a child, aged twelve, in revenge for the child's mother having accidentally thrown some water over him! The hardened young wretch threatened to murder the clergyman who attended the jail, and any one else who dared to approach him; and so ferocious was his conduct that it was necessary to chain him down, hand and foot, in his dungeon, and even then he behaved in a frightful manner. We will quote what followed in the words of the narrative before us: "At length, to prevent the termination of his existence in this depraved state, the expedient was devised of procuring a child about the size of the one murdered, and similar in feature and dress, whom two clergymen unexpectedly led between them by the hands into his cell, where he lay sulkily, chained to the ground; but, on their approach, he started, and seemed so completely terrified, that he trembled in every limb, cold drops of sweat profusely falling from him, and was almost momentarily in such a dreadful state of agitation, that he entreated the clergyman to continue with him, and from that instant became as contrite a penitent as he had been before callous and insensible." What would be the comments of the press on such an affair as this, had it occurred at the present day?

The manner in which prisoners, both before and after conviction, were allowed to conduct themselves in prison was disgraceful in the extreme. Those who had money seem to have lived much the same as though they were in a tavern, treating their fellow-prisoners and the friends who came to visit them with dinners and suppers—drink being supplied to an extent often sufficient to intoxicate the whole party. We could give many curious anecdotes of the actions which various doomed malefactors were permitted to perform. One Avershaw, after being sentenced to death—which he richly merited—no sooner got back to prison than he procured some black cherries, and diverted himself by using their juice to paint on the white walls of the room in which he was confined a number of sketches of the highway robberies he had committed; "one representing him running up to the horses' heads of a post-chaise, presenting a pistol at the driver; another, where he was firing at the chaise; a third, where the parties had quitted the carriage; and another, in which he was described in the act of taking the money from the passengers, and being fired at, while his companion was shot dead." We are not surprised to learn that this man died impenitent, "laughing and nodding" to his acquaintances in the crowd on his way to Tyburn. A highwayman, somewhat resembling him in character, actually shot dead Mr. Spurling, the head turnkey of the court at the Old Bailey, in the presence of the court! He did this because Spurling would not let him speak with a woman, an acquaintance of his, then on her trial for coining. The woman encouraged him to do the deed, and the horror-stricken court instantly arraigned them both for the murder, of which they were of course convicted on the spot, everybody present being witnesses of the deed. They died desperately wicked.

A robber named Hartley, who was convicted, with a comrade, of robbing, in the open fields, a poor tailor of twopence and his clothes—which they stripped off, and bound him to a tree—adopted a most extraordinary expedient with a view to save his neck. "He procured six young women, dressed in white, to go to St. James's, and present a petition in his behalf. The singularity of their appearance gained them admission, when they told the king that if he extended the royal mercy to the offender, *they would cast lots which should be his wife*; but his majesty said he was more deserving of the gallows than a wife, and accordingly refused their request." He was hanged at Tyburn, May 4, 1772.

One would naturally suppose that a man who had suffered all the horrors of hanging, just short of actual death, would never risk the gallows again; but such, in one case at least, was not the result. A house-breaker named Smith was hanged at Tyburn, December 24, 1705, and when he had hung *nearly fifteen minutes*, the people shouted, "A reprieve!" He was cut down, bled, and recovered! When asked what his feelings had been, he replied, in substance, that "when he was turned off, he for some time was sensible of very great pain, occasioned by the weight of his body, and felt his spirits in a strange commotion, violently pressing upwards; that having forced their way to his head, he, as it were, saw a great blaze or glaring light, which seemed to go out of his eyes with a flash, and then he lost all sense of pain. That after he was cut down, and began to come to himself, the blood and spirits forcing themselves into their former channels, put him, by a sort of pricking or shooting, to such intolerable pain, that he could have wished those hanged who had cut him down." Ever afterwards, he went by the name of "half-hanged Smith." This fellow soon returned to his former evil habits, and was again tried at the Old Bailey for house-breaking; but the jury brought in a special verdict, leaving the affair to the decision of the twelve judges, who decided in favor of the prisoner. Even this second wonderful escape did not deter him from resuming his malpractices, and a third time he was to have been brought to trial, but the prosecutor died before the day appointed, and thus he once more got free. Nothing is known of his subsequent history.

It would appear that when the body of a convict was not specially ordered for dissection, or to hang in chains, he could dispose of it whilst living, for among the papers of a Mr. Goldwyr, surgeon, of Salisbury, was found a letter, addressed to him by an unhappy and friendless criminal, lying in Fisherton-Anger jail, and bearing date October 3, 1736. It is as follows:

"SIR: Being informed that you are the only surgeon in this city (or county) that anatomises men, and I being under the unhappy circumstances, and in a very mean condition, would gladly live as long as I can; but, by all appearance, I am to be executed next March, having no friends on earth that will speak a word to save my life, nor send me a morsel of bread to keep life and soul together until that fatal day; so, if you will vouchsafe to come hither, I will gladly sell you my body (being whole and sound), to be ordered at your discretion; knowing that it will rise again at the general resurrection as well from your house as from the grave. Your answer, sir, will highly oblige yours, &c., JAMES BROOKE."

We are not aware what crime Brooke had committed, nor whether the surgeon complied with his piteous request.

So late as the year 1751, a man named Colley was executed and hung in chains for being a ringleader of a mob who docked a poor old woman to death for being a "witch," at Tring, in Hertfordshire. Her husband was ducked at the same time, but he survived. The curious part of the affair is that the leaders of the mob on this occasion acted so openly and deliberately that they previously employed the crier of Hemel-Hemstead to give notice, paying him fourpence for the job, and giving him a paper to cry from, of which this is a copy: "This is to give notice that, on Monday next, a man and woman are to be publicly ducked at Tring, in this county, for their wicked crimes." The notice was also given at two neighboring towns, on their market-days, and the overseer of Tring removed the two helpless old people to the workhouse, in the first instance, and subsequently to the vestry of the church, to protect them from their threatened fate. On the day appointed, five thousand people assembled, and almost tore down the workhouse ere they were convinced their intended victims were elsewhere. They searched every part of the house, "examining the closets, boxes, trunks, and *even the salt-box*," and "swore they would pull down the house, and set fire to the whole town of Tring, except Osborne and his wife were produced." They at length learned where the old people were, and the result has been told.—*Chambers's Journal.*

MY BABY-BOY.

COME to my arms, you bewildering elf!
Let me gather you, body and soul, to myself.
Bury your scintillant eyes and hair,
And all the glory and grace you wear,
From twinkling feet to golden crown,
Deep in the folds of my crimson gown:
Clasping you close to my bosom and heart,
A thing of my holiest being a part;
Crooning a song in the olden rhyme,
Tender and sweet as a vesper-chime:

Sleep, baby-boy:
The little birds rest,
Downy and soft,
In the mother-bird's nest;
The lambkins are safe
In the shepherd's warm fold;
The dew-drop's asleep
In the butter-cup's gold.

The violet nods
To the daisy's dream;
The lily lies hushed
On the lap of the stream;
And holy and calm,
Like motherly eyes,
The stars look down
From the silent skies.

Sleep, baby-boy,
My birdling, my flower,
My lily, my lambkin,
My dew-drop, my dower!
While heart against heart
Beats softly in time
To the murmuring flow
Of my tender old rhyme.

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Philadelphia Advertisements.

HELPER'S "IMPENDING CRISIS" of the SOUTH can be had, Wholesale and Retail, at the Anti-Slavery Office, 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

BOARDING HOUSE.—Respectable persons can be accomodated with genteel boarding, transient or permanent, by applying to the subscriber, No. 832 South street, below Ninth, Philadelphia. WILLIAM STILL.

THE PUBLIC LIFE OF CAPT. JOHN BROWN, by James Redpath, with an Autobiography of his Childhood and Youth. For sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

CARD.—ANNA M. LONGSHORE POTTS, M. D., Practising Physician, No. 661 North Tenth street, Philadelphia, Pa. All cases in Medicine and Surgery treated with the most approved remedies, and most modern aids and appliances known to the science. Especial attention given to Obstetrics and diseases of women and children.

FURNITURE.—Purchasers are respectfully invited to call at the Cabinet Warerooms of Schott & Heacock No. 142 North Ninth street, below Race, Philadelphia. Spring and Hair Mattresses made to order. Repairing, Varnishing, Upholstering, &c., &c. All orders promptly attended to.

KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner Spring Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a general assortment of Hardware, Cutlery &c., at the lowest cash prices, wholesale or retail. Particular attention paid to furnishing Hardware for buildings.
JOSEPH R. KENDERDINE, | WARREN JUSTICE.

CONFECTIONERY—REMOVAL.—Leatitia Bullock respectfully informs her friends and the public that she has removed to No. 152 North Sixth street, below Race, opposite the old stand, where she is prepared to furnish Ice Creams, Water Ices, Jellies, Cakes, Candies, &c., of every description and of the best materials, all the produce of Free Labour, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. Parties and families furnished at shortest notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for his superiority over all others in the manufacture of Travelling Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valices, Gum Shoes, Coaches, Hobby Horses, and sole leather, steel spring, iron frame, iron-bound Trunks of all descriptions, of the best materials and workmanship. Black Leather Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices.
THOS. W. MATTSON, Trunk Manufacturer,
130 Market street, S. W. cor. 4th, Philadelphia.

A LARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFES, of various sizes, always on hand, at No. 26 South Fourth street Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the United States. EVANS & WATSON, thankful for past favours, respectfully solicit continuance of the same. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Patent slate-lined Refrigerators, Water Filters, &c. A large assortment always on hand. N. B. Sole Agency for Butterworth's celebrated Bank Vault and Door Locks. These locks bid defiance to all lockpicks, Hobbs included.

SIGN of the MAMMOTH PEN, No. 72 N. Fourth street (2d door below Arch), Phila., wholesale and retail Stationery Blank Books, &c., which we will sell lower than the usual prices. English, French and American Cap, Letter and Note Papers, Envelopes, Sealing Wax, plain and fancy Wafers of every description, very superior Gold and Steel Pens, Ink and Inkstands, Sand Boxes, Wafer Cups, Paper Weights, plain and fancy Pen-holders, Drawing Pencils and Books, Bristol Board, Tracing Paper, Impression Paper, Tissue Paper, Visiting and Wedding Cards, Pocket Books, Portfolios, Bankers' Cases, Diaries, &c., Envelopes at 10 cents per 100 and 90 cents per 1000. *Mercantile Firms, Insurance Co., Banks, &c.*, furnished with Blank Books, to order of the best materials and workmanship.
CLOTHIER & FEDRICK,
72 N. Fourth street, below Arch street.

TO THOSE WHO ARE UNWILLING TO SUPPORT SLAVERY.—During the last twelve years a store of free labor goods has been kept at the N. W. corner of Fifth and Cherry streets in this city, for the convenience of those who wish to avoid the use of the fruits of slavery. It will scarcely be denied that the rejection of slave labor cotton, sugar and rice is a good testimony against slavery—fully as influential against that system as a refusal to pay militia fines or to purchase prize goods is against war. Will not those who are willing to make a sacrifice, if need be, to sustain their convictions on the latter subject, lend their influence in like manner against slavery? This is the only Grocery kept by a Friend in the city. Much care is taken to keep good Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Coffees, Teas, Cocoa, Chocolate, Rice, Spices, Fruit, &c., and a variety of Dry Goods. The proprietor aims to sell as low as he can to sustain the business. With double the patronage, prices could be somewhat reduced; probably every article could be sold as low as similar goods in the market. Many are so sold now. Those who favor the store with their custom, and procure their Teas, Coffees, Spices, Chocolate and Cocoa, &c., will find the articles good, and free from adulteration. On hand, Dried Peaches of superior quality.
GEORGE W. TAYLOR.

Equality to all! Uniformity of Prices! A new feature in Business
Every one his own Salesman.

JONES & Co., of the Crescent One Price Clothing Store No. 200 Market street, above 6th, in addition to having the largest, most varied and fashionable stock of Clothing in Philadelphia, made expressly for retail sales, have constituted every one his own salesman, by having marked in figures, on each article, the very lowest price it can be sold for, so they cannot possibly vary—all must buy alike. The goods are all well sponged and prepared, and great pains taken with the making, so that all can buy with the fullest assurance of getting a good article at the very lowest price.
Remember the CRESCENT, in Market, above 6th, No. 200, Phila.
JONES & CO.